731

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE

SHIPWRECK,

A POEM.

IN THREE CANTOS.

> .... εκλυσε δινα
> Τον Μωσαις φιλον ανδρα, τον ȣ νυμφαισιν απεχθη.
>
> THEOCR. IDYLL. 1.

A NEW EDITION.

Serfojee Rajah 1817

731

THE

SHIPWRECK,

A POEM,

BY

WILLIAM FALCONER,

A SAILOR:

..........................*quæque ipse miserrima vidi,*
Et quorum pars magna fui.——VIRG. ÆN. Lib. II.

THE TEXT ILLUSTRATED BY ADDITIONAL NOTES,
AND CORRECTED FROM THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS;

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

J. S. CLARKE, F.R.S.

VICAR OF PRESTON, AND LIBRARIAN TO
THE PRINCE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1811.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

TO

GEORGE, EARL OF EGREMONT,

F. R. S.

MY LORD,

I feel particular pleasure in dedicating this Volume to you; it having invariably been the object of your life to protect the Bark that laboured amidst the Waves of this turbulent World: but for you, my Lord, mine would now drive at random before the Wind; since the revered PILOT, *who so long conducted it, is in the Grave.*

With a due sense of the many Favours you have honoured me with, and of the regard you had for that excellent Officer,

I remain, my Lord,

Your faithful Servant,

Greenwich Hospital,
Nov. 1803.

JAMES STANIER CLARKE.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION,

PUBLISHED BY A. MILLAR, IN OCTAVO, 1764.

With a CHART *of the* SHIP'S PATH *from* CANDIA, *to* CAPE COLONNA.

IT is perhaps necessary to acquaint the Public, that the Author of this Poem designed not at first to enlarge the Work with so many Notes, and, to avoid this, proposed to refer his readers to any one of the modern Dictionaries, which should be thought most proper for explaining the technical terms occasionally mentioned in the Poem; but, after strict examination of them all, including a silly inadequate performance that has lately appeared by a Sea-Officer,* he could by no means recommend their explanations, without forfeiting his claim to the Character assumed in the Title-Page, of which he is much more tenacious than of his reputation as a Poet.

Although it is so frequent a practice to take the advantage of public approbation, and raise the price of performances that have been much encouraged, the Author chooses to steer in a quite different channel: it being a considerable time since the first Edition sold off, (notwithstanding the high price, and the singularity of the subject,) he might very justly continue the price; but as it deterred a number of the inferior Officers of the sea from purchasing it, at their repeated re-

* Can a Sea-Officer be so ignorant as to mistake the names of the most common things in a ship?

quests it has been printed now in a smaller Edition: at the same time, the Author is sorry to observe, that the gentlemen of the sea, for whose entertainment it was chiefly calculated, have hardly made one-tenth of the purchasers.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD EDITION.

Dated from Somerset House, October 1, 1769, *the Year in which* FALCONER *sailed for* INDIA.

THE favourable reception which this performance has hitherto met with from the Public, has encouraged the Author to give it a strict and thorough revision; in the course of which, he flatters himself, it will be found to have received very considerable improvements.

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*** The ÆGEAN SEA, or ARCHIPELAGO, has been divided into seven parts: 1. The Sea of Crete. 2. The Myrtoan Sea, before Peloponnesus and Attica. 3. The Sea of Greece, along the Coast of Greece. 4. The Sea of Macedonia. 5. The Ægean Sea, properly so called, between Eubœa and Lemnos. 6. The Icarian Sea, towards the Island of Icarus. 7. The Carpathian Sea, and that of Rhodes, lying between this Island and that of Crete. The Archipelago contains fifty-three Islands.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THIS VOLUME.

ENGRAVED BY JAMES FITTLER, R. A. S.

Marine Engraver to his Majesty;

FROM PAINTINGS BY NICHOLAS POCOCK, ESQ.

FIRST VIGNETTE.

THE BAY AND TOWN OF CANDIA, TAKEN FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

The Ship appears under weigh: the Top-sails are hoisted: the Yards braced, ready for casting; to accelerate which, the Jib is set: the Anchor appears in sight, the Catblock hooked, and the Seamen forward, hauling it to the Cathead. (Described in page 42.)

SECOND VIGNETTE.

Moonlight—ANNA in the front—Part of her Father's House seen between the Trees—PALEMON and his Friend going to the Boat, which, with the Ship, is in the distance. (Described in page 37.)

THIRD VIGNETTE.

Light, variable, and transient airs of Wind. The Ship appears under all her Sails. Steering Sails alternately set and hauled down. The Yards braced up, and squared, occasionally to catch the breeze.—Boats ahead, towing the Ship off the Shore. (Described in page 42.)

FOURTH VIGNETTE.

THE BREEZE FRESHENS, AND VEERS TO THE SOUTHWARD.

The Steering Sails, &c. are taken in. The Yards braced to the Wind. Tacks on board, and Top-gallant-sails set: the Ship heeling to the press of Sail. The Water-Spout having passed her, is seen to Leeward dispersing. RETIMO on the left, and MALACHA's foreland ahead. (Described in page 56.)

FIFTH VIGNETTE.

THE CONSULTATION.

STORM.—The Ship laying to, under bare poles. The Chart is spread on the Cabin Table; ALBERT is describing on it the Ship's Track and Situation, with that of the adjacent Shores, and is consulting RODMOND and ARION on the expediency of veering the Ship and scudding before the Wind, which he is inclined to do. RODMOND dissents, and prefers the continuing to lay to. ARION appears to agree with ALBERT, that the only hope of saving the Lives of the Crew is by putting the Ship before the Wind. PALEMON, who is supporting himself by the Mizen-mast, listens to the conversation, and casts his eyes in dismay on his Friend ARION.

SIXTH VIGNETTE.

THE STORM SUBSIDING.

View of Cape Colonne. The scattered remains of the Wreck floating towards the Shore. On the Fore-ground, PALEMON,

wounded, and dying, delivers to his Friend Arion, who is supporting him, the Portrait of Anna.

FIRST FULL PLATE.

THE LAUNCH.

The Britannia is here represented as just freed from the Blocks and Shores, and gently gliding off the Stocks into the River. The back-ground.—Scenery near Deptford, with Boats and Figures appropriate. (To face Title-page.)

SECOND FULL PLATE.

THE GALE INCREASING.

The Ship much pressed. The Lee Gunwales in the water. Is reduced to her Courses. Some Seamen aloft furling the Topsails, others sending down the Top-gallant-yards. The Wind heads her, and the Sea rises, Cape Spada no longer affording any shelter from it. (To face page 63.)

THIRD FULL PLATE.

ATTEMPT TO VEER.

The Fore-stay-sail hoisted, is split in pieces: the Head-Yards are braced aback: and, lastly, the Mizen-mast is cut away, and dragging by the wreck of the Rigging. (To face page 101.)

FOURTH FULL PLATE.

THE WRECK

Hove to with her head to the Westward, and having struck, is lifted by the Surge with her Back broken, her Bowsprit and Masts all gone, except the Main-mast; to which, and the Main-yard, are seen clinging the remainder of the Crew. (To face page 127.)

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM FALCONER.

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OF

WILLIAM FALCONER.

If the Lives of literary men afford but scanty materials to their Biographer, the deficiency does not arise from a want of interesting events, since the natural progress of Genius must be always interesting; but because the events that happened were not deemed of sufficient importance to be preserved, nor the progress of genius towards maturity of sufficient consequence to be described, until Death had repressed the malevolence of Envy, and thus overcome, what BEATTIE* so admirably termed, the unconquerable bar of Poverty.

It, on this account, becomes the duty of Literary Men, who have published works of sufficient importance to attract public notice, to bequeath, as a kind of legacy to their Country, an account of their lives and writings, and of the gradual progress of their minds: nor should any writer be taxed with

* Minstrel.

vanity* for doing this, since it would tend to enlarge our knowledge of an history of all others the most interesting—the history of the human mind. Memoirs of living Authors, published by persons who have never lived in habits of intimacy with them, are of little service to the cause of Literature, unless Minutes of the leading particulars in each Life are furnished by the individuals themselves: for otherwise, a scope is afforded to wound the feelings of many a worthy man, and to increase the flippant conceit of many a successful Impostor. Splenetic Curiosity frequently devours what Principle and Honour should lead men to reject with indignation. Biography, in the present day, affords only a suspicious, and a very questionable mode of information; whilst many a Character, owing to the strange state in which this branch of Literature† is suffered to remain, will descend to Posterity, so changed from the original, that all deductions which the Historian or Critic may draw from a consideration of it, must necessarily prove defective.

* *Ac plerique suam ipsi vitàm narrare, fiduciam potius morum, quàm arrogantiam arbitrati sunt.* (Tacitus Vita Agric.)

† It behoves the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and also the Royal Academy, to procure from the relatives of any deceased Associate, or Member of celebrity, a biographical Memoir of his literary Life, which should be regularly published in their Transactions.

I had long sought in vain to procure any authentic materials, however scanty, for a Biographical Memoir of poor FALCONER, when I fortunately met a shipmate of his, Governor HUNTER, at the house of an ingenious Highlander.* With the natural cordiality of a seaman, Mr. HUNTER communicated to me all the information he could remember; and this was also increased by frequent conversations which I enjoyed with that gallant veteran his brother, Lieutenant HUNTER of Greenwich Hospital: but for these gentlemen, the little that has survived respecting FALCONER, would have perished; and even this, owing to the years that have elapsed since the loss of the Aurora, must necessarily be scanty.

Mr. WILLIAM FALCONER was born about the year 1730, and was the son of a poor but industrious barber at Edinburgh; who, like Fielding's celebrated *Partridge*, possessed considerable talents and humour, and maintained a large family by his industry. It is remarkable that all his children, with the sole exception of our Author, were either deaf or dumb: FALCONER himself mentioned this singular circumstance to Captain HUNTER, when they were shipmates together; and " I had after-

* JOHN M'ARTHUR, Esq. of York Place, a literary and naval character of considerable eminence.

wards," adds that officer, " an opportunity of being convinced of its truth; when, long after the commencement of my acquaintance with him, I met two of his family labouring under these infirmities in the Poor-house at Edinburgh, where they continued until their death."

Poverty in Scotland is never depressed by ignorance, or a want of religious principles: FALCONER therefore, though poor, had a proper bias given to his mind, from the first dawn of its intellectual powers; and it was this bias, impelled by the energy of his genius, which enabled him, without any further education, to reach the goal of literary fame. When very young he entered on board a merchant vessel at LEITH, and therein served his apprenticeship. We afterwards find him in the capacity of a servant to CAMPBELL, the Author of LEXIPHANES, when Purser of a ship. This officer, according to Dr. CURRIE,* delighted in improving the mind of our young Seaman; and afterwards, when he had acquired celebrity, this early Patron felt a pride in boasting of his scholar. Probably from the interest of this master, FALCONER was

* Edition of BURNS' Works, vol. ii. p. 283, *second edition*. It is singular that the Surgeon of a man of war, who gave this information to Dr. CURRIE in 1777, should afterwards experience the fate of FALCONER, and be shipwrecked on the Coast of Africa.

afterwards made second Mate of a Vessel employed in the Levant trade, which was *shipwrecked during her passage from ALEXANDRIA to VENICE. Only three of the crew survived; and from this melancholy event, calculated to make a lasting impression on his mind, and which seemed, as it were, a foretaste of the dreadful fate he would one day endure, our Poet afterwards drew the outline and characters of one of the finest Poems in our language.

At this distance of time it is impossible to discover the friends who, at so critical a juncture, fostered the hopes, and relieved the necessities of our shipwrecked Mariner; all that I can collect for certain, is, that FALCONER continued in the merchant service until he had gained the patronage of his Royal Highness EDWARD DUKE OF YORK, by dedicating to him the inimitable poem of THE SHIPWRECK, in the spring of 1762. Previous, however, to this, FALCONER had tried the strength of his natural talent; and, so early as the year 1751, appeared among the poets of his country to lament the death of FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES: from this period, to the publication of his great work, he occasionally relieved, and strengthened his mind by literary occupation.

* I have not been able to ascertain the date of this event.

Of this first poetical effort I can only observe, that it contained great faults, with much promise of future excellence, when the style and ideas of its Author had become chastened by the perusal of classic writers. The following are some of the best lines:

"Oh bear me to some awful silent glade,
Where Cedars form an unremitting shade;
Where never track of human feet was known,
Where never cheerful light of Phœbus shone;
Where some unhappy Wretch aye mourns his doom,
Deep Melancholy wandering through the gloom;
Where Solitude and Meditation roam,
And where no dawning glimpse of Hope can come:
Place me in such an unfrequented Shade
To speak to none but with the mighty Dead."—

This Poem was printed at Edinburgh, and is thus alluded to at the close of the third Canto in the second Edition* of THE SHIPWRECK:

"Thou who hast taught the tragic Harp to mourn,
In early youth, o'er Royal FREDERICK's urn."

However unsuccessful this attempt might have proved to overcome the natural timidity, or to gratify the tremulous expectation of a young Author; it is natural to suppose, that, having advanced thus far on his literary career, he would not afterwards

* In which they were inserted after the fourteenth line of p. 137. These lines did not appear in the third edition, and have been omitted in the present one.

extinguish the glowing embers of a genius which this attempt had fanned. But where are we to look for those sparks, which, perhaps, were chiefly confined to himself, or, if communicated, were only given to the confined circle in which he moved? The Gentleman's Magazine contains one Poem,* which I have the authority of Lieutenant HUNTER to assign to FALCONER. I therefore suspect, that, a few years previous to the publication of THE SHIPWRECK, he occasionally sent poetical communications to that fashionable repository of literary talent; and am strongly inclined to think, that he was the Author of the lines *On the uncommon scarcity of Poetry in that Magazine,* signed J. W. A SAILOR, as also, of *The Description of a Ninety Gun Ship,* in a subsequent volume, which had no signature.

In the first, which appeared in the Magazine for March 1756, how strikingly characteristic of FALCONER is the following passage:

" Yet what avails the smiles of lovely Maids,
Or vernal Suns that glad the flowery Glades;
The Wood's green foliage, or the varying Scene
Of Fields, of Lawns, and gliding Streams between;
What, to the Wretch whom harder Fates ordain
Through the long year to plough the stormy Main?

* The Chaplain's Petition to the Lieutenants in the Ward-Room. (*Gent. Mag.* 1758, p. 371.)

No murmuring Streams, no sound of distant Sheep,
Or song of Birds invite his eyes to sleep;
By Toil exhausted, when he sinks to rest,
Beneath his Sun-burnt head no flowers are prest;
Down on the Deck his fainting limbs are laid,
No spreading Trees dispense their cooling shade;
No Zephyrs round his aching temples play,
No fragrant Breezes noxious heats allay;
The rude rough Wind which stern ÆOLUS sends,
Drives on in blasts, and, while it cools, offends:
He wakes; but hears no music from the Grove,
No varied Landscape courts his eye to rove:
O'er the wide Main he looks to distant Skies,
Where nought but Waves on rolling Waves arise."

Many of these expressions are exactly couched in the language of FALCONER, and the same style of complaint prevails, that is visible throughout THE SHIPWRECK: yet if the reader can have any doubt respecting my opinion in this respect, he will surely agree with me in assigning to FALCONER *The Description of a Ninety Gun Ship,* inserted in the Magazine for May 1759. I can only subjoin a brief extract:

"Lavish in wealth, luxuriant in her pride,
Behold the gilded mass exulting ride!
Her curious Prow divides the silver Waves,
In the salt ooze her radiant sides she laves:
From Stem to Stern her wonderous length survey,
Rising a beauteous VENUS from the Sea!
Her Stem, with naval drapery engraved,
Shewed mimic Warriors who the Tempest braved;
Whose visage fierce defied the lashing Surge,
Of Gallic pride the emblematic scourge····

. . . . But leaving feigned armaments, behold!
Eight hundred Youths, of heart and sinew bold,
Mount up her Shrouds, or to her Tops ascend;
Some haul her Braces, some her Foresail bend."

The first lines exactly correspond with the description of the carved work of the merchant Vessel at the close of the first Canto; and the remainder are technical terms, which FALCONER alone is celebrated for having rendered harmonious.

But if we have to lament the loss of many of FALCONER's Minor Poems, I may also express my astonishment at the uncertainty which still prevails respecting the real Author of *Cease, rude Boreas:* that it was not written by G. A. STEEVENS there can be but little doubt; he was neither versed in the science, nor in the terms of Navigation. It has long been my opinion, and that of many other persons, that this Ode was either composed by FALCONER, or by another Naval Poet, who now is scarcely known out of the profession, Captain THOMSON,* the celebrated, yet anonymous

* A Life of this Officer appeared in the Naval Chronicle, (vol. vi. p. 237. and vol. vii. p. 93.) He was born at Hull, in Yorkshire, and received his education from Dr. Cox, at Hampstead. Sir Home Popham, and Sir T. B. Thompson, were brought up under him. He died Commander of the Grampus, off the Coast of Africa, January 17, 1786. Captain THOMSON was the Author of *The Top Sails shiver in the Wind*, written about 1780; and of *Loose every Sail to the Breeze,—Behold, upon the gallant Wave*, &c. He

Author of many Sea Songs. Some naval officers are of opinion, that this Ode, however sublime, is not sufficiently correct, in the terms of Navigation, to be assigned to so able a seaman as FALCONER: he might not, however, in these lines, have introduced the nicety of that science in so great a degree as he has done in THE SHIPWRECK: thus far, at least, is certain, that he used to repeat with particular pleasure to his friends, some lines of a similar Poem which had then appeared, and always considered The Storm as a sublime subject for such a composition.

Before I conclude the account of FALCONER'S literary life, previous to the year 1762, I beg leave to present the reader with the following excellent little Poem, descriptive of the abode and sentiments of a Midshipman. It was originally called by our Author simply The Midshipman; which name has since been lost in the more technical one of ORLOP, or the Deck immediately over the Hold: where, far removed from the light of day, and at

published, in 1764, a Poem, called *The Soldier;* in 1765, *The Courtezan*, a Poem, and *The Demirep;* in 1766, his *Sailor's Letters;* in 1776, an edition of *Whitehead's*, and also of *Andrew Marvel's* Works, and a humorous Poem, called *The Electric Eel;* in 1778, a Collection of Poems called *The Muse's Mirror*. He was also the Author of many dramatic Pieces; and in 1773, with Mr. John Macmillan, began the Westminster Magazine.

a considerable distance below the surface of the water, the Cabins, or Births of the Midshipmen are placed :

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

Aid me, kind MUSE! so whimsical a Theme,
No Poet ever yet pursued for Fame;
Boldly I venture on a Naval Scene,
Nor fear the Critic's frown, the Pedant's spleen:
SONS OF THE OCEAN! we their rules disdain,
Our bosom's honest, and our style is plain:
Let HOMER's heroes, and his gods, delight,
Let MILTON with infernal legions fight;
His favourite Warrior, polished VIRGIL show;
With love, and wine, luxurious HORACE glow—
Be such their subjects; I another choose,
As yet neglected by the laughing Muse.
Deep in that Fabric, where BRITANNIA boasts
O'er Seas to waft her thunder, and her hosts,
A Cavern lies! unknown to cheering day;
Where one small Taper lends a feeble ray:
Where wild Disorder holds her wanton reign,
And careless Mortals frolic in her train—
Bending beneath a Hammock's friendly shade,
See ÆSCULAPIUS all in arms display'd;
In his right hand th' impending steel he holds,
The other, round the trembling victim folds;
His gaping Myrmidon the deed attends,
Whilst in the pot the crimson stream descends;
Unawed, young GALEN bears the hostile brunt,
Pills in his rear, and CULLEN in his front;
Whilst, mustered round the medicinal pile,
Death's grim militia stand in rank and file.
In neighbouring Mansions, lo! what clouds arise,
It half conceals its Owner from our eyes;
One penny light with feeble lustre shines,
To prove the MID in high Olympus dines;

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS

Let us approach—the preparation view!
A Cockpit Beau is surely something new:
To him Japan her varnished joys denies;
Nor bloom for him the sweets of Eastern skies:
His rugged limbs no lofty Mirror shows,
Nor tender Couch invites him to repose:
A pigmy glass upon his Toilet stands,
Crack'd o'er and o'er by awkward clumsy hands;
Chesterfield's page polite, the Seaman's Guide,
An half-eat biscuit, Congreve's Mourning Bride,
Bestrewed with powder, in confusion lie,
And form a chaos to th' intruding eye—
At length this Meteor of an hour is drest,
And rises an Adonis from his Chest:
Cautious he treads, lest some unlucky slip
Defiles his clothes with Burgou, or with Flip:
These rocks escaped, arrives in *statu quo*;
Bows; dines and bows; then sinks again below.
  Not far from hence a joyous Group are met,
For social mirth and sportive pastime set;
In cheering Grog the rapid course goes round,
And not a care in all the circle's found:
Promotion, Mess-Debts, absent Friends, and Love
Inspired by Hope, in turn their topics prove:
To proud Superiors then, they each look up,
And curse all Discipline in ample cup.
  Hark! yonder voice in hollow murmur swells:
Hark! yonder voice the Mid to duty calls!
Thus summoned by the Gods, he deigns to go,
But first makes known his Consequence below:
At Slavery rails, scorns lawless Sway to Hell,
And damns the power allowed a white lapel:
Vows that he's free!—to stoop, to cringe disdains—
Ascends the Ladder, and resumes his Chains.
  In canvassed Birth, profoundly deep in thought,
His busy mind with Sines and Tangents fraught,
A Mid reclines!—in calculation lost!
His efforts still by some intruder crost:

Now to the Longitude's vast height he soars,
And now formation of LAPSCOUS explores;
Now o'er a field of Logarithms bends,
And now to make a Pudding he pretends:
At once the Sage, the Hero, and the Cook,
He wields the Sword, the Saucepan, and the Book.
Opposed to him a sprightly Mess-mate lolls,
Declaims with GARRICK, or with SHUTER drolls;
Sometimes his breast great CATO's virtue warms,
And then his task the gay LOTHARIO charms;
CLEONE's grief his tragic feelings wake,
With RICHARD's pangs th' ORLOPIAN CAVERN shake!
No more the Mess for other joys repine,
When Pea-Soup entering shews 'tis time to dine.
But think not meanly of this humble Seat,
Whence sprung the Guardians of THE BRITISH FLEET:
Revere the Sacred Spot, however low,
Which formed to martial acts—an HAWKE! an HOWE!*

We now approach the most important event in the literary life of FALCONER; who, like both his friends, Captain and Lieutenant HUNTER, urged on his course through every threatening obstacle: without becoming dependent on any assistance but that of Providence, he emerged at length from obscurity, and gained the utmost summit of his ambition. The first edition of THE SHIPWRECK was printed in quarto, by MILLAR, in May 1762; and was dedicated to His Royal

* Captain Howe, in 1755, commanded the ALCIDE in a memorable action with the LYS. He also led the van in the MAGNANIME, 1757, under Admiral KNOWLES, in the attack on AIX.

Highness EDWARD Duke of York, who then had hoisted his Flag, as Rear-Admiral of the Blue, on board the PRINCESS AMELIA, of 80 guns; attached to the Fleet under Sir EDWARD HAWKE. This Fleet was sent after M. DE TERNAY, and afterwards cruised off the Coast of FRANCE. The Poem succeeded from the moment it appeared; its Author was deservedly called a second HOMER; and the Duke of YORK, eager to honour FALCONER with every possible mark of his favour, advised him to quit the Merchant Service for the Royal Navy: accordingly, before the summer had elapsed, he was rated a Midshipman on board Sir EDWARD HAWKE'S Ship, the ROYAL GEORGE.*

During the same year the following opinion of THE SHIPWRECK was delivered by a celebrated Literary Journal; which, as it considerably tended to increase the fame of FALCONER, deserves mention in this Memoir:

" It has frequently been observed, that true Genius will surmount every obstacle which opposes its exertion: how unfavourable soever the situation of a Seaman may be thought to the Poet, certain

* It was in this Ship that Governor HUNTER, then a Midshipman, commenced an acquaintance with FALCONER, which continued until his death: being both of them from the same part of Scotland, their friendship and intimacy soon increased.

it is the two characters are not incompatible; for none but an able Seaman could give so didactic an account, and so accurate a description of the Voyage and catastrophe here related; and none but a particular favourite of the Muses could have embellished both with equal harmony of numbers, and strength of imagery.

" The main subject of the Poem is the loss of the Ship Britannia, a Merchantman, bound from Alexandria to Venice, which touched at the Island of Candia; whence proceeding on her Voyage, she met with a violent Storm that drove her on the Coasts of Greece, where she suffered shipwreck near Cape Colonne; three only of the Crew being left alive.

" The Ship putting to sea from the Port of Candia, the Poet takes an opportunity of making several beautiful marine descriptions; such as the prospect of the Shore; a shoal of Dolphins; a Water-Spout; the method of taking an Azimuth; and working the Ship. In the Second Canto, the Ship having cleared the Land, the Storm begins; and with it the consultation of the Pilots, and operations of the Seamen; all which the Poet has described with an amazing minuteness, and has found means to reduce the several technical terms of the marine into smooth and harmonious numbers.

HOMER has been admired by some for reducing a Catalogue of Ships into tolerably flowing verse; but who, except a poetical Sailor, the nursling of APOLLO, educated by NEPTUNE, would ever have thought of versifying his own sea-language? what other Poet would ever have dreamt of *Reef-Tackles, Haliards, Clue-garnets, Bunt-lines, Lashings, Laniards,* and fifty other terms equally obnoxious to the soft Sing-Song of modern poetasters.

"Many of his descriptions are not inferior to any thing in the ÆNEID; many passages in the third and fifth books of which, our Author has had in view: they have not suffered by his imitation; and his Pilot appears to much greater advantage than the PALINURUS of VIRGIL.

"Nor is the Poet's talent confined to the description of inanimate Scenes: he relates, and bewails, the untimely fate of his Companions in the most animated and pathetic strains. The close of the Master's address to the Seamen, in the time of their greatest danger, is noble and philosophical. It is impossible to read the circumstantial account of the unfortunate end of the Ship's Crew, without being deeply affected by the Tale, and charmed with the manner of the relation."*

The beauty of this Poem may perhaps appear in

* Monthly Review, vol. xxvii. p. 197.

a still more favourable light to the learned reader, if I subjoin the following passages from the First Canto, which the taste of an honourable and classic Native of Ireland has lately clothed in Virgilian verse:

"If e'er with trembling hope I fondly strayed."
(Introduction, Canto I. p. 2. l. 9.)

"*Si quondam, speransque simul trepidusque, vagabar,*
Vitæ mane novo, vestris impunè sub umbris,
Aure bibens citharæ suspiria suavè dolentis,
(Nescio quâ mœstâ raptus dulcedine) mollesre
Illecebras vocum, dum conscia sylva susurrus
Elysios dedit—O per inania murmura Venti
Aerias querulo sonitu verrentia chordas,
Per Fluctum, cui longa volumina rupe sub istâ
Spumea vis torquet, refluoque immurmurat æstu,
Tendite opem, vivisque ardere coloribus insit
Carminibus;—summum, et miserabile pignus amoris!
Sit desiderio licitum plorare fideli
Mille viæ casus, et naufraga fata per undas."

"The Vessel parted on the falling tide."—(P. 32, l. 6.)

"*Jamque Ratis, pelagi sensim refluentibus undis,*
Labitur e Portu, nec deerat amoribus hora.
Nox tacita incedit, Thamesinque argentea veste
Luna tegit; mediis spes fervet anhela tenebris
Nocturnam explorâsse viam, et me reddit amatæ
Virginis in gremium; vestigia nota per aures
Instrepuere; venit, venit ipsa Puella! fidelem
Fertur in amplexum! at quæ vis, aut mellea linguæ
Gratia delicias, et mutua gaudia dicat?
Vos, quibus ingenuo mollitâ Cupidine flammam
Corda fovent, tenuesque animi sensere tumultus,
Cùm tremulâ, suavique simul, formidine languet
Ebria mens, nimiâque liquescit imagine pectus,

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW... TANJORE

Dicite, (nam scitis) quæ blandimenta per omnes
Tunc fluitant nervos, quæ furtim infusa vagantes
Alta domant sensus oblivia, dum prece blandâ
Suadet Amor, magicâque animam dulcedine solvit

" Now Morn with gradual pace advanced on high."—(P. 42. l. 19.)

Nunc matutinos oriens AURORA *vapores*
Luce novâ tingit, dubiique crepuscula cœli;
Non Pompâ, et radiis induta superbit, at instat
Frontem horrenda minis, torvisque obducta tenebris."

The elegant manner in which these lines are rendered into Latin, gives a new and an additional effect to the poetry of THE SHIPWRECK; and will prove, even to the pedant, that the distance between VIRGIL and FALCONER is not so great as he may have imagined.

The Poem of THE SHIPWRECK is of inestimable value to this Country, since it contains within itself the rudiments of Navigation: if not sufficient to form a complete Seaman, it may certainly be considered as the Grammar of his professional Science. I have heard many experienced officers declare, that the rules and maxims delivered in this Poem, for the conduct of a Ship in the most perilous emergency, form the best, indeed the only, opinions which a skilful Mariner should adopt. We possess, therefore, a Poem, not only eminent for its sublimity and pathos, but for an harmonious poetic assemblage of technical terms and maxims used in Navi-

gation, which a young Sailor may easily commit to memory; and also, with these, such scientific principles, as will enable him to lay a sound foundation for his future professional skill and judgment. We should therefore, as Britons, respect this Poem as the composition of a Naval Sibyl; and its three Cantos are the more valuable, since our Author did not live to enrich his Country with any similar productions.

At the Peace of 1763, the ROYAL GEORGE was paid off; and FALCONER now added another zealous and benevolent character to the number of his friends, in the person of Mr. WILLIAM HUNTER,* brother to his Shipmate, who at the same time was also paid off in the SUTHERLAND. Previous to the Peace, the Duke of YORK had embarked on board the CENTURION, with Commodore HARRISON, for the Mediterranean; on which occasion FALCONER published an Ode,† entitled, *On the Duke of York's second departure from England as Rear-Admiral.* "He composed it," says Governor HUNTER, "during an occasional absence from his messmates, when he retired into a small space formed between the cable tiers and the Ship's side." In this composition he had DRYDEN'S Ode to SAINT CECILIA in view;

* Now one of the Officers in Greenwich Hospital.

† The reader will find a severe Critique on this Poem in the Critical Review, written by FALCONER.

and, like him, with all the enthusiasm of a Poet, has made a demigod of his Hero. The conclusion is not unworthy even of DRYDEN :

" Nor thou, illustrious CHIEF ! refuse
The incense of a Nautic Muse !
For ah ! to whom shall NEPTUNE'S sons complain,
But him whose arms unrivalled rule the Main ?
Deep on my grateful breast
Thy favour is imprest ;
No happy son of wealth or fame
To court a royal Patron came ;
A hapless Youth ! whose vital page
Was one sad lengthened Tale of woe ;
Where ruthless Fate, impelling tides of rage,
Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow ;
To glittering stars, and titled names unknown,
Preferred his suit to thee alone :
The Tale your sacred pity moved,
You felt, consented, and approved.
Then touch my Strings, ye blest PIERIAN CHOIR !
Exalt to rapture every happy line,
My bosom kindle with Promethean fire,
And swell each note with energy divine :
No more to plaintive sounds of woe
Let the vocal numbers flow ;
Perhaps the CHIEF, to whom I sing,
May yet ordain auspicious days
To wake the Lyre with nobler lays,
And tune to War the nervous string.
For who, untaught in NEPTUNE'S School,
Though all the powers of Genius he possess,
Though disciplined by classic rule ;
With daring pencil can display
The Fight, that thunders on the watery way,
And all its horrid incidents express ?
To Him, my Muse, these warlike strains belong,
Source of my Hope, and Patron of thy Song !

As FALCONER wanted much of that complementary time of service, which qualifies an officer to attend the customary examination for a Lieutenant's commission, his friends advised him to exchange the military, for the civil line in the royal navy; and accordingly, in the course of the said year, 1763, he was appointed Purser of the GLORY* Frigate, 32 guns. The subsequent death of the gallant Duke of YORK at MONACOA, on the 17th of September, 1767, though felt by all the nation, was more particularly a severe loss to FALCONER; whose welfare, owing to this melancholy event, became again precarious. His literary fame, however, was established; some few friends, among whom the HUNTERS took the lead, still remained; and he accordingly endeavoured to dry the tear, which the memory of his royal Patron frequently called forth, by indulging in the vision of Hope that was still prolonged: nor did Providence in this emergency forsake him. Soon after his appointment to the GLORY, FALCONER had married a young lady of the name of HICKS, who, I believe, is still living; but where, I have hitherto been unable to discover. She, probably, possesses not only a miniature of her husband, but many manuscripts and letters, which

* Commanded, in 1770, by the Hon. Captain JOHN RUTHVEN: she was afterwards called the APOLLO.

would tend to throw additional light on his biography. Miss HICKS's father was Surgeon of Sheerness Yard, and enjoyed considerable talents for poetry. Mrs. FALCONER is described to me as displaying keen abilities; and that it was the lustre of her mind, rather than of her person, which attracted and confirmed the affection of her husband: his feelings, at this period, are expressed in a little Ballad,* styled the FOND LOVER:

"A Nymph of ev'ry charm possessed
That native Virtue gives,
Within my bosom all confessed
In bright idea lives:
For her my trembling numbers play
Along the pathless Deep;
While sadly social with my lay
The Winds in concert weep.

If Beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse Fate;
Say, why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create?
Since all her thoughts by sense refined
Unartful Truth express,
Say, wherefore Sense and Truth are joined
To give my soul distress?" &c.

FALCONER's principal amusement always consisted in literary occupation; and when the GLORY was laid up in ordinary at CHATHAM, Commissioner

* There is also printed by him an Address to MIRANDA.

HANWAY, brother to the celebrated JONAS HANWAY, became delighted with the genius of its Purser. The Captain's cabin was ordered to be fitted up with a stove, and with every addition of comfort that could be procured; in order that FALCONER might thus be enabled to enjoy his favourite propensity, without either molestation or expense. How long he continued in this retreat is uncertain; for here again my information fails me. In this hermitage he finished his celebrated Universal Dictionary of the Marine; a work that had engaged his utmost application for some years. The undertaking was first suggested to him by GEORGE LEWIS SCOTT, Esq. and its great utility was acknowledged by Sir EDWARD HAWKE, and other professional men in the Navy. In a letter which FALCONER received from the celebrated DU HAMEL, his opinion of it was thus decidedly given: *Ce livre manquoit absolument; celui qui a été imprimé en Hollande, et qui a eu un debit considérable, est très-imparfait; celui de M. Saverien est encore plus mauvais.* From the GLORY, FALCONER was appointed to the *SWIFTSURE.

In 1764 he published a new edition of his Poem, in octavo, corrected and enlarged; and being by

* Governor HUNTER was in doubt whether it was the SWIFTSURE, or the WARSPIGHT; from some MSS. I have seen, I have preferred the former Ship, and can fix the date of the appointment to the year 1767.

gratitude, as well as principle, attached to the party of the King's Friends, he printed, about the year 1765, a political Satire on Lord CHATHAM, WILKES, and CHURCHILL, which served as a powerful antidote to the ROSCIAD: many of the lines are conceived with all the energy of JUVENAL:

> "Nor shall unmanly Terror now controul
> The strong resentment struggling in her soul;
> While Indignation with resistless Strain
> Pours her full deluge through each swelling vein."

The Universal Dictionary of the Marine was not printed until 1769; after he had left his naval retreat at CHATHAM, and had been obliged to take up his abode in a garret in the metropolis, where I fear he struggled for a considerable time against the *res angustæ domus.* His spirits, however, and the attentions of an affectionate partner, with the chance rencounter of some old messmates, enabled him to weather those breakers which the great Ocean of Life so frequently presents. Among other resources, he derived a pittance from writing in the Critical Review, under his countryman MALLET; and, at one time, received proposals from Mr. MURRAY,* to be admitted as a partner in the line of business, which that respectable bookseller afterwards established.

* Mr. JOHN M'MURRAY, born at Edinburgh, was originally an Officer in the Honourable Corps of Marines, under the patronage of

A third edition of THE SHIPWRECK was loudly called for at the beginning of the year 1769: considerable improvements, and additions, had been

Sir GEORGE YONGE, Bart. The following letter to FALCONER gives an account of his first commencement of business as a Bookseller. Some lines addressed by FALCONER to his friend Mr. M'MURRAY, were intended to be prefixed to the third edition of THE SHIPWRECK; but were omitted amidst the hurry of the Author on leaving England, for India.

To Mr. WILLIAM FALCONER, now at Dover.

DEAR WILL, *Brompton, Kent*, 16*th Oct.* 1768.

Since I saw you I have had the intention of embarking in a scheme that I think will prove successful, and in the progress of which I had an eye towards your participating. Mr. SANDBY, Bookseller, opposite St. Dunstan's Church, has entered into Company with SNOW and DENNE, Bankers. I was introduced to this gentleman about a week ago, upon an advantageous offer of succeeding him in his old business; which, by the advice of my friends, I propose to accept. Now, although I have little reason to fear success by myself in this undertaking; yet I think so many additional advantages would accrue to us both, were your forces and mine joined, that I cannot help mentioning it to you, and making you the offer of entering into Company. He resigns to me the lease of the house; the good-will ———; and I only take his bound stock, and fixtures, at a fair appraisement, which will not amount to much beyond 400*l.*; and which, if ever I mean to part with, cannot fail to bring in nearly the same sum. The Shop has been long established in the Trade; it retains a good many old Customers: and I am to be ushered immediately into public notice by the sale of a new edition of *Lord Lyttleton's Dialogues;* and afterwards by a like edition of his History: these works I shall sell by commission upon a certain profit, without risk; and Mr. SANDBY has promised to continue to me, always, his good offices and recommendation.

These are the general Outlines; and if you entertain a notion that the conjunction will suit you, advise me, and you shall be assumed

prepared by our Author; but I am induced to think, that amidst the agitation of his mind on being appointed Purser to the AURORA Frigate, Captain LEE,* which then was ordered to carry out to India HENRY VANSITTART, Esq.† LUKE SCROFTON, Esq. and Colonel F. FORDE; that FALCONER, who also had the promise of being their private secretary, from the joy of obtaining so lucrative a situation, neglected this edition, and left the last alterations to his friend MALLET: the inferiority of many passages

upon equal terms; for I write to you before the affair is finally settled: not that I shall refuse it, if you don't concur, (for I am determined upon the trial by myself,) but that I think it will still turn out better were we joined; and this consideration alone prompts me to write to you. Many Blockheads in the Trade are making fortunes; and did we not succeed as well as they, I think it must be imputed only to ourselves.

Make Mrs. M'MURRAY's compliments and mine to Mrs. FALCONER; we hope she has reaped much benefit from the salt-water bath. Consider what I have proposed; and send me your answer soon. Be assured in the mean-time that I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate and humble servant,

JOHN M'MURRAY.

P. S. My advisers, and directors, in this affair have been, THOMAS CUMMING, Esq. Mr. ARCH. PAXTON, Mr. JAM. PATERSON, of Essex House, Messrs. J. and W. RICHARDSON, Printers. These, after deliberate reflection, have unanimously thought I should accept of Mr. SANDEY's offer.

* Mr. MONTRESSER, son of Colonel MONTRESSER, was First Lieutenant.

† One of his sons accompanied him.

is strikingly evident. I have endeavoured, with the assistance of the first and second editions, to make our Author correct himself, and thus to restore the purity of the original text, which had become strangely impaired; at the same time being careful to preserve all the beauties of the third edition.

The joy which this appointment gave to the friends of FALCONER may easily be imagined; but this, alas! was of short duration: the AURORA sailed from ENGLAND on the 30th of September, 1769; and after touching at the Cape, was lost during the remainder of the passage. The following Letter* from Mr. HIRST, Chaplain to the Commission, is the sole account that exists of their proceedings at the Cape:

"CAPE TOWN, December 19, 1769.

"I write this from the Dutch Town at the Cape of GOOD HOPE. My last gave you an account of our arrival at, and departure from MADEIRA; and this acquaints you that we arrived here the sixth instant, from whence, it is imagined, we shall † sail the day after to-morrow. I have made many little excursions during my residence here, but not far

* Printed in the third volume of Mr. DUNCOMBE's Collection of Letters by Mr. HUGHES, and other eminent persons deceased, (p. 137.) For further particulars, see vol. ii. p. 254, and vol. iii. p. 132.

† They left the Cape on the 27th of December.

enough into the country to give you much account of it; and there is little worth conveying to you from hence, unless I could have sent some authentic anecdotes of the Aborigines of the Country, I mean the HOTTENTOTS; and they are all shrunk into the inland parts, at least two or three hundred miles from the Cape. We have seen but three of them (all men) since our arrival here; nor do I recollect that I saw more when I was here before.

"As we are in south latitude, the weather is at this time exceeding sultry, so that we are obliged to keep under cover great part of the day, the thermometer being now at 83 degrees; a heat much beyond what you generally have in ENGLAND in summer.

"Yesterday, and the day before, I made one of a party with Mr. VANSITTART to BAY FALSO, about twenty English miles from the Cape. We rode partly on horseback, and partly in a coach, having two of the Governor's coaches and six to attend us. Indeed I cannot say too much of the very hospitable reception we meet with here, owing to the great respect which the Dutch Governor and his Council shew to Mr. VANSITTART. You may be sure this circumstance gives me no small pleasure; as it is a proof of the great name and character he has in INDIA, that even strangers are not unac-

quainted with it. It has been reported that CAPE *FALSO is a much better situation for a Colony than the place which the Dutch have chosen here; but this is not fact, as the hills, or rather mountains, descend almost to the sea-side, and are so steep and craggy as not to admit of cultivation. The Company have lately built some store-houses there for the service of the shipping in the winter time; when the winds blow so hard in TABLE BAY, that they cannot with safety ride here. It is with some satisfaction I recognise the view of the Table-land and its environs; and am pleased to find the resemblance of my view † of it in 1765, much more strong than I thought. If I had more time and less indolence, I might have perhaps made it less unworthy the acceptance of my friends. The Comet which we saw in ENGLAND approaching to the sun, we saw returning from it: I took two observations of its situation in the heavens, with respect to the neighbouring fixed stars; and wrote on the occasion a sheet-full, which I intended to have sent to my friend MASKELYNE at GREENWICH: but this, as

* The Portuguese once took this Cape for the Cape DAS AIGULLHAS, which lies over against it; and having found their mistake, they called this "CABO FALSO," or the False Cape.

† This View of the Cape was taken in 1765, when Mr. HIRST returned from INDIA with Mr. VANSITTART; and was afterwards engraved by CANOT in 1766.

well as many other papers, I have either lost or mislaid at sea; and it often happens, as the Earl of DORSET says, that

> "Our paper, pens, and ink, and we,
> Are tumbled up and down at Sea."

We continue to be very harmonious, and consequently very happy, on board the AURORA. I know this will give great pleasure to all Mr. VAN's real friends, and be the occasion of great chagrin and disappointment to all who expected the commission would be overset by the dissension of the Commissioners. God bless you, my dear friend!

"Your's ever,

"W. HIRST."

The writer of the above letter, Mr. HIRST, was Fellow of the Royal Society; and had been Chaplain on board several of his Majesty's Ships, particularly the HAMPTON COURT, when despatched to LISBON after the earthquake in 1755. In 1759 he was Chaplain to the LENOX, and Secretary to Rear-Admiral CORNISH. He made an accurate observation of the transit of Venus over the sun on June 6, 1761, at the Government House at MADRAS; and at the second transit of Venus, June 3, 1769, Mr. HIRST was one of the assistants to the Astronomer Royal at GREENWICH.

Various are the reports that have arisen respecting the loss of the AURORA, which was twice on fire before she left the River. Mr. DUNCOMBE observes in a note:* "It seems now to be the general idea, that this unfortunate Ship was burnt. It is affirmed that the Supervisors, among other indulgences, had hot suppers; and every Seaman knows, and has experienced, the dangers and accidents to which Ships are exposed by fire as well as water, even with the utmost care and attention."

Such has in general been the prevailing idea respecting the AURORA: but Mr. DUNCOMBE was not aware of the increased attention that would be paid by Captain LEE, and his Officers, to the risk of losing their Ship by the luxury mentioned. Besides, such precautions are taken in the †Galley, or kitchen-range of a Ship, against fire, that it would require more than common carelessness, to produce the dreadful event that has been suspected. The most probable opinion, and indeed the only one which seems to have any foundation, is, that this Frigate foundered in the Mosambique Channel. Captain LEE, though a stranger † to its navigation, would not be dissuaded from attempting it; and it is said that Mr. VANSITTART was so averse from

* Vol. iii. p. 136. † Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xli. p. 237.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI ...ORE

this rash action, that if an outward bound East-Indiaman had been at the Cape, he would have quitted the AURORA. To this may be added, that on the 19th of November, 1773, a Black was examined before the East-India Directors, who affirmed —"that he was one of five persons, who had been saved from the wreck of the AURORA; that the said Frigate had been cast away on a reef of rocks off MOCOA; that he was two years upon an island after he had escaped; and was at length miraculously preserved by a country Ship happening to touch on that island."

Such are the principal events respecting FALCONER which I have been able to collect. In his Person he was about five feet seven inches in height; of a thin light make, with a dark weather-beaten complexion, and rather what is termed hard featured; being considerably marked with the small-pox: his hair was of a brownish hue. In point of address, his manner was blunt, awkward, and forbidding: but he spoke with great fluency; and his simple yet impressive diction was couched in words which reminded his hearers of the terseness of SWIFT. Though FALCONER possessed a warm and friendly disposition, he was fond of controversy, and inclined to satire. His observation was keen, and rapid; his criticisms on any inaccuracy of

language, or expression, were frequently severe; yet this severity was always intended eventually to create mirth, and not by any means to shew his own superiority, or to give the smallest offence. In his natural temper he was cheerful, and frequently used to amuse his Messmates by composing Acrostics on their favourites; in which he particularly excelled. As a professional man, he was a thorough Seaman; and, like most of that profession, was kind, generous, and benevolent. He often assured Governor HUNTER, that his education had been confined merely to reading English, writing, and a little arithmetic; notwithstanding which he was never at a loss to understand either French, Spanish, Italian, or even German.

In this edition I have employed my utmost diligence, and latterly amidst distraction, "in sickness, and in sorrow," that I might induce my Countrymen to honour the watery Grave of the shipwrecked FALCONER. I trust the tribute, thus paid to his memory, cannot fail of producing the desired effect, since through the kindness of Mr. *BOWLES,

* The Notes signed W. L. B. were hints given me by this gentleman; those signed N. P. by Mr. POCOCK; and those signed E. D. C. by my brother; for the Italian passages, signed F. D. I am indebted to a learned foreigner. I also beg leave to return my thanks to Captain FRANCIS MASON of the RATTLER Sloop of War, and to HENRY STREATFIELD, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge.

I have been enabled to employ a kindred genius to chaunt, in mournful melody,

THE DIRGE OF POOR *ARION.

What pale and bleeding YOUTH (while the fell Blast
Howls o'er the Wreck, and fainter sinks the cry
Of struggling Wretches ere o'erwhelmed they die)
Yet floats upborne upon the driving Mast?
O poor ARION! has thy sweetest Strain,
That charm'd old Ocean's wildest solitude,
At this dread hour his waves' dark might subdued?
Let SEA-MAIDS thy reclining head sustain;
And wipe the blood, and briny drops, that soil
Thy looks, and give once more thy wreathed Shell
To ring with melody:—Oh fruitless Toil!
Hark! o'er thy head again the Tempests swell;
Hark! hark again the Storm's black demons yell
More loud; the bellowing Deep reclaims his spoil!
PEACE! and may weeping SEA-MAIDS sing thy knell.

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* Written on the Platform at Portsmouth, April 16, 1805.

THE

SHIPWRECK,

IN THREE CANTOS.

THE TIME EMPLOYED IN THIS POEM, IS ABOUT SIX DAYS.

N. Pocock pinx.t J. Fittler sculp.t

Published by W. Miller, Albemarle Street, Jan.y 181

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE POEM.

While jarring interests wake the World to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms,
While Albion bids th' avenging thunder roll
Along her vassal Deep from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene, where War with ruthless hand
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of Death;
'Tis mine, retired beneath this cavern hoar
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string;
A scene from dumb Oblivion to restore,
To Fame unknown, and new to Epic lore:
Where hostile elements conflicting rise,
And lawless Surges swell against the skies,

Till Hope expires, and Peril and Dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.
  Immortal train! who guide the maze of song,
To whom all Science, Arts, and Arms belong,
Who bid the Trumpet of eternal Fame
Exalt the Warrior's and the Poet's name,
Or in lamenting Elegies express
The varied pang of exquisite distress;
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly strayed
In life's fair morn beneath your hallowed shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain,
Or listen to the enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled through the grove;
Oh! by the hollow Blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long Surge that foams through yonder Cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my Verse to glow,
The sad Memorial of a Tale of Woe!
The fate, in lively sorrow, to deplore
Of Wanderers shipwrecked on a leeward shore.

Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their Suppliant feels no genial ray divine:
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plough the Tide where wintery Tempests roar?
Or shall a Youth approach their hallowed fane,
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train?
Far from the Muses' academic grove,
'Twas his the vast and trackless Deep to rove;
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow,
Smote by the freezing, or the scorching blast,
'A Ship-Boy on the high and giddy mast,'
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador;
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains,
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus, laved by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides:
But while he measured o'er the painful race
In Fortune's wild illimitable chase,

Adversity, companion of his way,
Still o'er the Victim hung with iron sway,
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of Woe:
In regions where th' ALMIGHTY's chastening hand
With livid Pestilence afflicts the land,
Or where pale Famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe;
Or where, all-dreadful in th' embattled line,
The hostile Ships in flaming combat join,
Where the torn Vessel Wind and Waves assail,
Till o'er her Crew distress and death prevail.—
Such joyless Toils, in early youth endured,
Th' expanding dawn of mental day obscured,
Each genial passion of the Soul opprest,
And quenched the ardour kindling in his breast:
Then censure not severe the Native Song,
Though jarring sounds the measured verse prolong,
Though terms uncouth offend the softer ear,
Yet Truth, and human anguish deign to hear:
No laurel wreaths these lays attempt to claim,
Nor sculptured brass to tell the Poet's name.

And lo! the Power that wakes th' eventful Song
Hastes hither from LETHEAN banks along;
She sweeps the gloom, and, rushing on the sight,
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious Light:
In her right hand an ample Roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years,
With every wise and noble art of Man
Since first the circling hours their course began;
Her left a silver Wand on high displayed,
Whose magic touch dispels Oblivion's shade:
Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow
Like JUNO's birds, or IRIS' flaming bow,
She sails; and swifter than the course of light
Directs her rapid intellectual flight:
The fugitive ideas she restores,
And calls the wandering thought from LETHE's shores;
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives;
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her power, and MEMORY is her name.—
O first-born Daughter of primeval Time!
By whom transmitted down in every clime

The deeds of ages long elapsed are known,
And blazoned glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose magic breath dispels the mental night,
And o'er th' obscured idea pours the light;
Say on what Seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated Ship befel,
Assailed by Tempests, girt with hostile Shores?
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasured Stores!
Full on my Soul the dreadful Scene display,
And give its latent horrors to the Day.

N. Pocock Pinx.t J. Fittler Sculp.t

Published by W. Miller, Albemarle Street, Jan.y 1811.

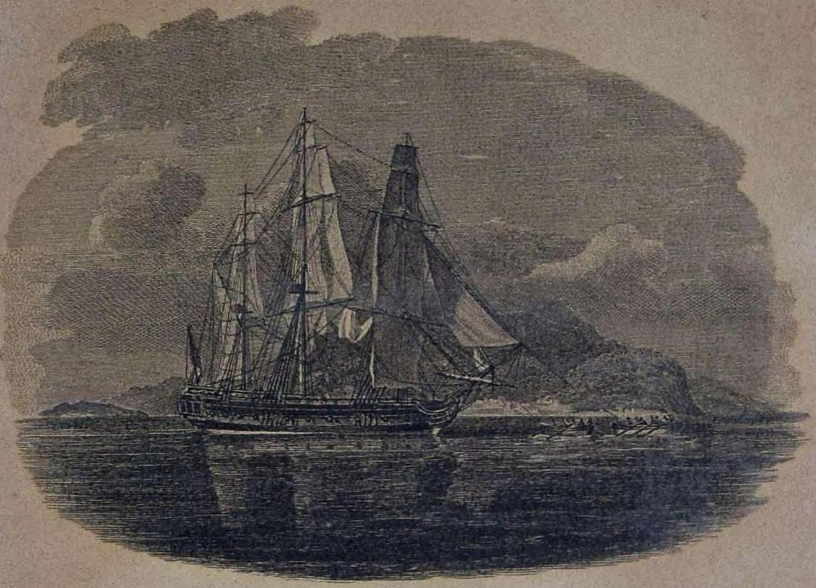
FIRST CANTO:

The Scene of which lies near the City of Candia.

TIME, ABOUT FOUR DAYS AND AN HALF.

ARGUMENT.

I. Retrospect of the Voyage. . .Arrival at Candia. . .State of that Island. . .Season of the Year described.—II. Character of the Master, and his Officers, ALBERT, RODMOND, and ARION. . .PALEMON, Son to the Owner of the Ship. . .Attachment of PALEMON to ANNA, the Daughter of ALBERT.—III. Noon. . .PALEMON's History.—IV. Sun-set. . .Midnight . . .ARION's Dream. . .Unmoor by Moonlight. . .Morning. . . Sun's Azimuth taken. . .Beautiful appearance of the Ship, as seen by the Natives from the Shore.



N. Pocock pinxit. J. Fittler R.A. sculpsit.

London. Published by William Miller, Albemarle Street, Jan.y 7. 1811.

THE FIRST CANTO.

I. A Ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impelled
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held.
Of famed Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that Isle her name the Vessel drew;
The wayward steps of Fortune they pursued,
And sought in certain ills imagined good:

...RE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS...

Though cautioned oft her slippery path to shun,
Hope still with promised joys allured them on;
And, while they listened to her winning lore,
The softer scenes of Peace could please no more:
Long absent they from friends and native home
The cheerless Ocean were inured to roam;
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crowned each painful voyage with success;
Still to compensate toils and hazards past
Restored them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the Sun to rule the varying year
Across th' equator rolled his flaming sphere,
Since last the Vessel spread her ample sail
From ALBION's coast, obsequious to the gale;
She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore
Unwearying wafted her commercial store;
The richest ports of AFRIC she had viewed,
Thence to fair ITALY her course pursued;
Had left behind TRINACRIA's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile:
And now, that Winter deepens round the Pole,
The circling Voyage hastens to its goal:

They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw,
But from gay VENICE soon expect to steer
For BRITAIN'S coast, and dread no perils near;
Inflamed by Hope, their throbbing hearts elate
Ideal pleasures vainly antedate,
Before whose vivid intellectual ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away:
Already British Coasts appear to rise,
The chalky Cliffs salute their longing eyes;
Each to his breast, where floods of rapture roll,
Embracing strains the Mistress of his soul;
Nor less o'erjoyed, with sympathetic truth,
Each faithful Maid expects th' approaching Youth:
In distant souls congenial passions glow,
And mutual feelings mutual bliss bestow—
Such shadowy Happiness their thoughts employ,
Illusion all, and visionary joy!

Thus time elapsed, while o'er the pathless Tide
Their Ship through Grecian Seas the pilots guide.
Occasion called to touch at CANDIA'S shore,
Which, blest with favouring Winds, they soon explore;

The Haven enter, borne before the gale,
Despatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.
Eternal powers! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating War:
Here Arts and Commerce with auspicious reign
Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain;
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young Pleasure led the jocund Hours along;
In gay luxuriance CERES too was seen
To crown the vallies with eternal green:
For wealth, for valour, courted and revered,
What ALBION is, fair CANDIA then appeared.—
Ah! who the flight of Ages can revoke?
The free-born spirit of her Sons is broke,
They bow to OTTOMAN's imperious yoke;
No longer Fame their drooping heart inspires,
For stern Oppression quenched its genial fires:
Though still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
Supply the barren shores of Greece around,
Sharp penury afflicts these wretched Isles,
There Hope ne'er dawns, and Pleasure never smiles;

The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,
And hears his famished babes lament in vain:
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant Soil
A seventh year mock the weary labourer's toil.—
No blooming VENUS, on the desert shore,
Now views with triumph captive gods adore;
No lovely HELENS now with fatal charms
Excite th' avenging Chiefs of GREECE to arms;
No fair PENELOPES enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings were proud to die;
Here sullen Beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While Sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay:
Those Charms, so long renowned in Classic strains,
Had dimly shone on ALBION's happier plains!
Now, in the southern hemisphere, the Sun
Through the bright VIRGIN, and the SCALES, had run,
And on th' ecliptic wheeled his winding way
Till the fierce SCORPION felt his flaming ray.
Four days becalmed the Vessel here remains,
And yet no hopes of aiding Wind obtains;
For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a Breeze awakes the silent Deep:

This, when th' autumnal Equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching Storms.—
No dread of Storms the Master's soul restrain,
A Captive fettered to the oar of gain:
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from CANDIA's bay,
Determined, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the Seas, and Skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual Fire,
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire,
Ere yet the deepening Incidents prevail,
Till roused attention feel our plaintive tale;
Record whom chief among the gallant Crew
Th' unblest pursuit of Fortune hither drew:
Can Sons of NEPTUNE, generous, brave, and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid Gold?

They can! for Gold too oft with magic art
Can rule the Passions, and corrupt the Heart:
This crowns the prosperous Villain with applause,
To whom in vain sad Merit pleads her cause;

This strews with roses Life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to Pleasure's soft abode;
This spreads with slaughtered heaps the bloody plain,
And pours adventurous thousands o'er the Main.

II. The stately Ship, with all her daring Band,
To skilful ALBERT owned the chief command:
Though trained in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd;
Each joy of wedded love, at home, he knew,
Aboard, confest the Father of his Crew!
Brave, liberal, just! the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene:
Him Science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the Ship in floating balance held,
By Earth attracted, and by Seas repell'd;
Or point her devious track through Climes unknown
That leads to every shore and every zone:
He saw the Moon through Heaven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding Tide,
While Earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles;

Light and Attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminished force;
While on the margin of declining day
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away—
Inured to peril, with unconquered soul,
The Chief beheld tempestuous Oceans roll:
O'er the wild Surge when dismal shades preside,
His equal skill the lonely Bark could guide;
His genius, ever for th' event prepared,
Rose with the Storm, and all its dangers shared.

RODMOND the next degree to Albert bore,
A hardy son of England's farthest shore,
Where bleak NORTHUMBRIA pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails stored, resort,
A sooty tribe, to fair AUGUSTA's port:
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal Sands,
They claim the danger, proud of skilful bands;
For while with darkling course their Vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er Bar, and Shelve, the watery path they sound
With dexterous arm, sagacious of the ground:

Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course inclin'd.
Expert to moor where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode;
But drooping, and relaxed, in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplined in War.
Such RODMOND was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boisterous of manners; trained in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of Truth;
To scenes that Nature's struggling voice controul,
And freeze Compassion rising in the soul:
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the shore,
With foul intent the stranded Bark explore;
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword.
Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal.
Too oft Example, armed with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to dwell:
Thus RODMOND, trained by this unhallowed crew,
The sacred social passions never knew.

Unskilled to argue, in dispute yet loud,
Bold without caution, without honours proud;
In Art unschooled, each veteran rule he prized,
And all improvement haughtily despised.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glowed his daring mind
Through snares of death the reeling Bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To RODMOND, next in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band:
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame;
Whose vital spring had just began to bloom,
When o'er it Sorrow spread her sickening gloom?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danced to Nature's boundless charms;
On him fair Science dawned in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower:
But soon Adversity, with freezing blast,
The blossom withered, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemned reluctant to the faithless Sea,

With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where Science, and the tuneful Sisters rove.
Hither he wandered, anxious to explore
Antiquities of Nations now no more;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er th' untravelled zone:
In vain—for rude Adversity's command
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,
And every gate of Hope against him closed.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train!
To call ARION this ill-fated swain;
For like that Bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed:
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the Deep
With conscious anguish taught the Harp to weep;
And both the raging Surge in safety bore
Amid destruction, panting to the shore:
This last, our tragic Story from the wave
Of dark oblivion, haply, yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad Remembrance bleeds at every vein.

These, chief among the Ship's conducting train,
Her path explored along the deep domain;
Trained to command, and range the swelling sail,
Whose varying force conforms to every gale.
Charged with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, PALEMON was his name:
A Father's stern resentment doomed to prove,
He came the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for ALBERT's beauteous daughter bled,
For her a sacred flame his bosom fed:
Nor let the wretched Slaves of Folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming ANNA mourned the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by Nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease;
To her PALEMON told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of Summer's evening gale:
His Soul, where moral truth spontaneous grew,
No guilty wish, no cruel passion knew:
Though tremblingly alive to Nature's Laws,
Yet ever firm to Honour's sacred cause;

O'erjoyed he saw her lovely eyes relent,
The blushing Maiden smiled with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove
Unheard they breathed alternate vows of love:
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew;
While their chaste Souls possessed the pleasing pains
That Truth improves, and Virtue ne'er restrains.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of Fame
Betrayed the Secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
PALEMON's Father heard the tale confest;
Long had he listened with Suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair Youth! thy liberal heart he knew,
A heart to Nature's warm impressions true:
Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil
With Avarice to pollute that generous soil;
That soil impregnated with nobler seed
Refused the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth in active Commerce won,
And basking in the smile of fortune's sun;

For many freighted Ships from shore to shore,
Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore;
With scorn the Parent eyed the lowly shade
That veiled the beauties of this charming maid.
He, by the lust of Riches only moved,
Such mean connexions haughtily reproved;
Indignant he rebuked th' enamoured boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy;
He soothed and menaced, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravished sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers enchanting Music failed,
And Pleasure's syren voice no more prevailed:
Long with unequal art, in vain he strove
To quench th' ethereal flame of ardent Love.

The Merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look, and voice, assumed an harsher strain.
In Absence now his only hope remained;
And such the stern decree his will ordained:
Deep anguish, while PALEMON heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom;

High beat his heart, fast flowed th' unbidden tear,
His bosom heaved with agony severe;
In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touched that sordid mind—
To thee, brave ALBERT! was the charge consign'd.
The stately Ship forsaking England's shore
To regions far remote PALEMON bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still loved fair ANNA with eternal truth;
Still ANNA's image swims before his sight
In fleeting vision through the restless night;
From clime to clime an Exile doomed to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

The Moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him since young ARION first was known;
Who wandering here through many a scene renown'd,
In ALEXANDRIA's port the Vessel found;
Where, anxious to review his native shore,
He on the roaring wave embarked once more.
Oft by pale Cynthia's melancholy light
With him PALEMON kept the watch of night,

In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppresst
Some painful secret of the soul confest:
Perhaps ARION soon the cause divin'd,
Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind;
He felt the chastity of silent woe,
Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow.
He, with PALEMON, oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapless Love in ancient lore,
Recalled to memory by th' adjacent shore:
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The Lover sighed for sorrows not his own.
Thus, though a recent date their Friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore;
For in one tide their passions seemed to roll,
By kindred age and sympathy of soul.

These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the rest, an undistinguished Crew,
Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

III. A sullen languor still the skies opprest,
And held th' unwilling Ship in strong arrest:

High in his chariot glowed the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray;
Relaxed from toil, the Sailors range the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm, are felt no more;
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
RODMOND a rueful tale of wonders read
Of dragons roaring on th' enchanted coast;
The hideous Goblin, and the yelling Ghost:
But with ARION, from the sultry heat
Of Noon, PALEMON sought a cool retreat.—
And lo! the Shore with mournful prospects crown'd,
The Rampart torn with many a fatal wound,
The ruined Bulwark tottering o'er the strand,
Bewail the stroke of War's tremendous hand:
What scenes of woe this hapless Isle o'erspread!
Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
Full twice twelve summers were yon towers assailed,
Till barbarous OTTOMAN at last prevailed;
While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturned,
While heroes fell, and domes, and temples burned.

But now before them happier Scenes arise,
Elysian Vales salute their ravished eyes;
Olive, and Cedar, formed a grateful shade
Where light, with gay romantic error strayed:
The Myrtles here with fond caresses twine,
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant Vine:
And lo! the Stream, renowned in classic song,
Sad LETHE, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks, beneath the Citron grove,
The youthful Wanderers found a wild Alcove;
Soft o'er the fairy region Languor stole,
And with sweet Melancholy charmed the Soul.
Here first PALEMON, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend reclin'd,
In pity's bleeding bosom, poured the stream
Of Love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme:
" Too true thy words! by sweet remembrance taught,
" My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought;
" In vain it courts the solitary shade,
" By every action, every look betrayed:
" The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
" To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal;

" Yet sure, if right PALEMON can divine,
" The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine :
" Yes ! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
" And prove the kind companion of his woe.
" ALBERT thou know'st, with Skill and Science graced ;
" In humble station though by Fortune placed,
" Yet never Seaman more serenely brave
" Led Britain's conquering Squadrons o'er the wave :
" Where full in view AUGUSTA's spires are seen
" With flowery lawns, and waving woods between,
" An humble habitation rose, beside
" Where Thames meandring rolls his ample tide :
" There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
" A pious Daughter, and a faithful Wife :
" For his return with fond officious care
" Still every grateful object these prepare :
" Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
" Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.
" This blooming Maid in Virtue's path to guide
" Th' admiring Parents all their care applyed ;

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL ... THE TANJORE

" Her spotless soul to soft affection trained,
" No vice untuned, no sickening folly stained:
" Not fairer grows the Lily of the vale,
" Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
" Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
" Thrilled every heart with exquisite alarms:
" Her face, in Beauty's sweet attraction drest,
" The smile of maiden innocence exprest;
" While Health, that rises with the new-born day,
" Breathed o'er her cheek the softest blush of May:
" Still in her look Complacence smiled serene;
" She moved the Charmer of the rural scene!
" 'Twas at that Season, when the fields resume
" Their loveliest hues, arrayed in vernal bloom:
" Yon Ship, rich freighted from th' Italian shore,
" To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:
" While thus my Father saw his ample hoard,
" From this return, with recent treasures stored;
" Me, with affairs of commerce charged, he sent
" To ALBERT's humble mansion—soon I went!
" Too soon, alas! unconscious of th' event.

" There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
" The gentle Mistress of my hopes I saw ;
" There, wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
" My glowing bosom throbbed with strange alarms :
" My ever charming ANNA ! who alone
" Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone ;
" Oh ! while all-conscious Memory holds her power,
" Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour,
" When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
" My fluttering spirits first th' infection caught ?
" When, as I gazed, my faltering tongue betray'd
" The heart's quick tumults, or refused its aid ;
" While the dim light my ravished eyes forsook,
" And every limb, unstrung with terror, shook :
" With all her powers, dissenting Reason strove
" To tame at first the kindling flame of LOVE :
" She strove in vain ; subdued by charms divine,
" My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.
" Oft from the din of bustling life I strayed,
" In happier scenes to see my lovely Maid ;
" Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
" We roved at evening hour through flowery meads ;

" There, while my heart's soft anguish I revealed,
" To her with tender sighs my hope appealed:
" While the sweet Nymph my faithful tale believed,
" Her snowy breast with secret tumult heaved;
" For, trained in rural scenes from earliest youth,
" Nature was her's, and Innocence, and Truth:
" She never knew the city damsel's art,
" Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart.—
" My suit prevailed! for Love informed my tongue,
" And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
" Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
" And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.
" Thrice happy hours! where with no dark allay
" Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day:
" For here the sigh, that soft affection heaves,
" From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves:
" Elysian scenes! too happy long to last,
" Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast:
" Too soon some demon to my Father bore
" The tidings, that his heart with anguish tore.
" My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice
" Awhile he laboured to degrade my choice:

" Then, in the whirling wave of Pleasure, sought
" From its loved object to divert my thought:
" With equal hope he might attempt to bind
" In chains of adamant the lawless Wind;
" For Love had aimed the fatal shaft too sure,
" Hope fed the wound, and Absence knew no cure.
" With alienated look, each art he saw
" Still baffled by superior Nature's law.
" His anxious mind on various schemes revolved,
" At last on cruel Exile he resolved:
" The rigorous doom was fixed; alas! how vain
" To him of tender anguish to complain:
" His soul, that never Love's sweet influence felt,
" By social sympathy could never melt;
" With stern command to ALBERT's charge he gave
" To waft PALEMON o'er the distant wave.

" The Ship was laden and prepared to sail,
" And only waited now the leading gale:
" 'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
" The poignant torments of despairing Love;
" Th' impatient Wish, that never feels repose,
" Desire, that with perpetual current flows;

" The fluctuating pangs of Hope and Fear,
" Joy distant still, and Sorrow ever near.
" Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
" The western Breezes inauspicious blew,
" Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
" The Vessel parted on the falling tide,
" Yet time one sacred hour to Love supplied:
" The Night was silent, and advancing fast,
" The Moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast;
" Impatient Hope the midnight path explored,
" And led me to the Nymph my soul adored.
" Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear,
" She came confest! the lovely Maid drew near!
" But, ah! what force of language can impart
" Th' impetuous joy that glowed in either heart:
" O ye! whose melting hearts are formed to prove
" The trembling Ecstasies of genuine love;
" When, with delicious agony, the thought
" Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
" Your secret sympathy alone can tell
" What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell:

" O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
" While Love with sweet enchantment melts the soul.
" In transport lost, by trembling hope imprest,
" The blushing Virgin sunk upon my breast,
" While her's congenial beat with fond alarms ;
" Dissolving softness ! Paradise of charms !
" Flashed from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
" Our blending spirits that each other drew !
" O bliss supreme ! where Virtue's self can melt
" With joys, that guilty Pleasure never felt ;
" Formed to refine the thought with chaste desire,
" And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire.
" Ah ! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,—
" While sorrow bursts with interrupting sighs,—
" For ever destined to lament in vain,
" Such flattering, fond ideas entertain :
" My Heart through scenes of fair illusion stray'd,
" To joys, decreed for some superior Maid.
" 'Tis mine abandoned to severe distress
" Still to complain, and never hope redress—
" Go then, dear Youth ! thy father's rage atone,
" And let this tortured bosom beat alone.

" The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease ;
" Go then, dear Youth ! nor tempt the faithless Seas.
" Find out some happier Maid, whose equal charms
" With Fortune's fairer joys, may bless thy arms :
" Where, smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
" Prosperity shall hail each new-born day :
" Too well thou know'st good ALBERT's niggard fate
" Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.
" Go then, I charge thee by thy generous love,
" That fatal to my father thus may prove ;
" On me alone let dark affliction fall,
" Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
" Then haste thee hence, PALEMON, ere too late,
" Nor rashly hope to brave opposing Fate.
" She ceased : while anguish in her angel-face
" O'er all her beauties showered celestial grace :
" Not HELEN, in her bridal charms arrayed,
" Was half so lovely as this gentle Maid.—
" O soul of all my wishes ! I replied,
" Can that soft fabric stem Affliction's tide ?
" Canst thou, bright pattern of exalted Truth,
" To Sorrow doom the summer of thy youth,

" And I, ingrateful! all that sweetness see
" Consigned to lasting misery for me?
" Sooner this moment may th' eternal doom
" PALEMON in the silent earth entomb;
" Attest, thou Moon, fair regent of the night!
" Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight:
" By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
" Which sweet possession only knows to heal:
" By all the horrors brooding o'er the Deep,
" Where Fate, and Ruin, sad dominion keep;
" Though tyrant Duty o'er me threatening stands,
" And claims obedience to her stern commands,
" Should Fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
" Her smile, or frown, shall never change my love;
" My heart, that now must every joy resign,
" Incapable of change, is only thine.

" Oh, cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
" And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away:
" While through the rugged path of life we go,
" All Mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
" The famed and great, decreed to equal pain,
" Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain:

" For this, Prosperity, with brighter ray
" In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
" Thou too, sweet Maid! ere twice ten months are o'er,
" Shall hail Palemon to his native shore,
" Where never Interest shall divide us more.—
" Her struggling soul, o'erwhelmed with tender grief,
" Now found an interval of short relief:
" So melts the surface of the frozen stream
" Beneath the wintry Sun's departing beam.
" With cruel haste the shades of Night withdrew,
" And gave the signal of a sad adieu:
" As on my neck th' afflicted Maiden hung,
" A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung;
" She wept the terrors of the fearful Wave,
" Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave:
" With soft persuasion I dispelled her fear,
" And from her cheek beguiled the falling tear.
" While dying fondness languished in her eyes,
" She poured her soul to heaven in suppliant sighs:
" *Look down with pity, O ye powers above!*
" *Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding Love;*

" *Ye, who the secret laws of Fate explore,*
" *Alone can tell if he returns no more;*
" *Or if the hour of future joy remain,*
" *Long-wished atonement of long-suffered pain,*
" *Bid every guardian minister attend,*
" *And from all ill the much-loved Youth defend.*
" With grief o'erwhelmed we parted twice in vain,
" And, urged by strong attraction, met again.
" At last, by cruel Fortune torn apart
" While tender passion beat in either heart,
" Our eyes transfixed with agonizing look,
" One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.
" Forlorn of hope the lovely Maid I left,
" Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft:
" She to her silent couch retired to weep,
" Whilst I embarked, in sadness, on the Deep."
His Tale thus closed, from sympathy of grief
PALEMON's bosom felt a sweet relief:
To mutual friendship thus sincerely true,
No secret wish, or fear, their bosoms knew;
In mutual hazards oft severely tried,
Nor Hope, nor Danger, could their love divide.

Ye tender Maids! in whose pathetic souls
Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls,
Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
The secret wound you tremble to reveal;
Ah! may no Wanderer of the stormy main
Pour through your breasts the soft delicious bane;
May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love:
Oh! warned, avoid the Path that leads to Woe,
Where thorns, and baneful weeds, alternate grow:
Let them severer stoic Nymphs possess,
Whose stubborn passions feel no soft distress.

Now as the Youths returning o'er the plain
Approached the lonely margin of the Main,
First, with attention rouzed, ARION eyed
The graceful Lover, formed in Nature's pride:
His frame the happiest symmetry displayed,
And locks of waving gold his neck arrayed;
In every look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine:
With lightened heart he smiled serenely gay,
Like young Adonis, or the son of May.

Not CYTHEREA from a fairer swain
Received her apple on the Trojan plain.
IV. The Sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene:
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay:
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime, and orange, there were seen
On fragrant branches of perpetual green;
The crystal streams that velvet meadows lave,
To the green Ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy Ocean hushed forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface lovely to behold
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The Skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains;
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!
While glowing Vesper leads the starry train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er Land, and Main,

Emerging clouds the azure East invade,
And wrap the lucid Spheres in gradual shade;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove,
With dying numbers tune the soul to love;
With joyful eyes th' attentive Master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
Round the charged bowl the Sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing,
As love, or battle, hardships of the Main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely strain:
Then some the Watch of Night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.
    Deep Midnight now involves the livid skies,
When eastern breezes, yet enervate, rise:
The waning Moon behind a watery shroud
Pale glimmered o'er the long protracted cloud;
A mighty Halo round her silver throne,
With parting meteors crossed, portentous shone:
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails,
Oft deemed a signal of tempestuous gales.
    While young ARION sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the Visions of the Night:

Now, blooming ANNA with her happy swain
Approached the sacred Hymeneal fane;
Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen:
Now with PALEMON, up a rocky Steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring Deep,
With painful step he climbed; while far above
Sweet ANNA charmed them with the voice of Love:
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawned, beneath, the jaws of hell.—
Amid this fearful Trance, a thundering sound
He hears, and thrice the hollow decks rebound;
Upstarting from his couch on deck he sprung,
Thrice with shrill note the Boatswain's whistle rung:
All hands unmoor! proclaims a boisterous cry,
All hands unmoor! the caverned Rocks reply:
Roused from repose aloft the Sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the Windlass arm:
The Order given, up springing with a bound,
They fix the bars, and heave the Windlass round;
At every turn the clanging pauls resound:

Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave
The ponderous Anchor rises o'er the wave.
High on the slippery Masts the Yards ascend,
And far abroad the canvass wings extend.
Along the glassy plain the Vessel glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides;
The lunar rays in long reflection gleam,
With silver deluging the fluid stream.
Levant, and Thracian Gales, alternate play,
Then in th' Egyptian quarter die away.
A Calm ensues; adjacent shores they dread,
The boats, with rowers manned, are sent ahead;
With cordage fastened to the lofty prow
Aloof to sea the stately Ship they tow;
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
And pealing shouts the shore of CANDIA rend:
Success attends their skill! the danger's o'er!
The Port is doubled, and beheld no more.
    Now Morn with gradual pace advanced on high,
Whitening with orient Beam the twilight Sky:
She comes not in refulgent pomp arrayed,
But frowning stern, and wrapt in sullen shade.

Above incumbent mists, tall IDA's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight;
North-east, a league, the Isle of STANDIA bears,
And westward, FRESCHIN's woody Cape appears.
In distant angles while the transient gales
Alternate blow, they trim the flagging Sails;
The drowsy air attentive to retain,
As from unnumbered points it sweeps the Main.
Now swelling Stud-Sails on each side extend,
Then Stay-Sails sidelong to the breeze ascend;
While all, to court the veering Winds, are placed
With Yards alternate square, and sharply braced.
The dim Horizon lowering Vapours shroud,
And blot the Sun yet struggling in the cloud;
Through the wide atmosphere condensed with haze,
His glaring Orb emits a sanguine blaze.
The Pilots now their Azimuth attend,
On which all Courses, duly formed, depend:
The Compass placed to catch the rising ray,
The Quadrant's shadows studious they survey;
Along the arch the gradual Index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic-circle glides;

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS

Now seen on Ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Thus Height, and Polar distance, are obtained,
Then Latitude, and Declination, gained;
In Chiliads next th' Analogy is sought,
And on the sinical triangle wrought:
By this magnetic variance is explored,
Just angles known, and polar truth restored.

The Natives, while the Ship departs their land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow before the breeze
She moved triumphant o'er the yielding Seas;
Her bottom through translucent waters shone,
White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon;
The bending Wales their contrast next displayed,
All fore and aft in polished jet arrayed.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal Waves that rolled below:
Where'er she moved the vassal Waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their Queen.
Th' imperial Trident graced her dexter hand,
Of power to rule the Surge like Moses' wand;

Th' eternal Empire of the Main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling Deep.
Her left, propitious, bore a mystic Shield,
Around whose margin rolls the watery field;
There her bold Genius in his floating car
O'er the wild Billow hurls the storm of war:
And lo! the beasts that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tamed into UNION, yoked in Friendship's chain,
Draw his proud Chariot round the vanquished Main:
From the proud margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view.
Th' immortal Shield from NEPTUNE she received,
When first her head above the waters heaved;
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest,
A figured scutcheon glittered on her breast;
There from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming Rose and hardy Thistle sprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.

Such was the sculptured Prow; from van to rear
Th' Artillery frowned, a black tremendous tier!

Embalmed with orient gum, above the wave
The swelling Sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad Stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high pourtray'd;
There a young Hero, here a royal Maid:
Fair ENGLAND's Genius in the youth exprest,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confest,
The warlike Nymph with fond regard surveyed;
No more his hostile frown her heart dismayed:
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young ALCIDES, or the God of War,
Serene as Summer's evening skies she saw;
Serene, yet firm; though mild, impressing awe:
Her nervous arm, inured to toils severe,
Brandished th' unconquered Caledonian spear:
The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the Harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dyed with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky Shield; her piercing eye
Flashed like the meteors of her native sky;

Her Crest, high-plumed, was rough with many a scar,
And o'er her Helmet gleamed the northern Star.
The warrior Youth appeared of noble frame,
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame:
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slackened bow,
Renowned in song, the terror of the foe!
The Sword that oft the barbarous North defy'd,
The scourge of tyrants! glittered by his side:
Clad in refulgent arms in battle won,
The GEORGE emblazoned on his corselet shone;
Fast by his side was seen a golden Lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire;
Whose strings unlock the Witches' midnight spell,
Or waft rapt Fancy through the gulfs of hell:
Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
The songs of Heaven, the music of the Spheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing through air she flies,
Where other Suns to other systems rise.
These front the Scene conspicuous; overhead
ALBION'S proud oak his filial branches spread:
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet, the Father of the flood:

Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perched by the martial Maid the bird of Jove;
There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay:
Yonder, fair Commerce stretched her winged sail,
Here, frowned the God that wakes the living gale.
High o'er the Poop, the flattering winds unfurled
Th' imperial Flag that rules the watery World.
Deep blushing *Armors* all the Tops invest,
And warlike trophies either Quarter drest:
Then towered the Masts, the Canvass swelled on high,
And waving Streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich Vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair Virgin on her bridal day;
Thus, like a Swan, she cleaved the watery Plain,
The pride and wonder of th' Ægean main.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

SECOND CANTO:

The Scene lies at Sea, between Cape Freschin, in Candia, and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado.

TIME, FROM NINE IN THE MORNING UNTIL ONE O'CLOCK OF THE NEXT DAY AT NOON.

ARGUMENT.

I. Reflections on leaving Shore.—II. Favourable Breeze... Water-Spout...The dying Dolphin...Breeze freshens...Ship's rapid progress along the Coast...Top-Sails reefed...Gale of Wind...Last appearance, bearing, and distance, of Cape Spado...A Squall...Top-Sails double reefed...Main-Sail split...The Ship bears up; again hauls upon the Wind... Another Main-Sail bent, and set...Porpoises.—III. The Ship driven out of her course from Candia...Heavy Gale...Top-Sails furled...Top-gallant-yards lowered...Heavy Sea... Threatening Sun-set...Difference of Opinion respecting the mode of taking in the Mail-Sail...Courses reefed...Four Seamen lost off the lee Main-yard-arm...Anxiety of the Master, and his Mates, on being near a Lee-shore...Mizen reefed.—IV. A tremendous Sea bursts over the Deck; its consequences ...The Ship labours in great Distress...Guns thrown overboard...Dismal appearance of the Weather...Very high and dangerous Sea...Storm of Lightning...Severe fatigue of the Crew at the Pumps...Critical situation of the Ship near the Island Falconera...Consultation and resolution of the Officers...Speech and advice of ALBERT; his devout Address to Heaven...Order given to scud...The Fore Stay-Sail hoisted and split...The Head Yards braced aback...The Mizen-Mast cut away.

H. Pocock pinxit. *J. Fittler R.A. sculpsit.*

London, Published by William Miller, Albemarle Street, Jan.y 7, 1811.

THE SECOND CANTO.

I. Adieu! ye pleasures of the sylvan scene,
Where Peace, and calm Contentment, dwell serene:
To me, in vain, on earth's prolific soil
With Summer crowned, th' Elysian vallies smile;
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart:

Ye Tempests! o'er my head congenial roll
To suit the mournful music of my soul;
In black progression, lo, they hover near,
Hail social Horrors! like my fate severe:
Old Ocean hail! beneath whose azure zone
The secret Deep lies unexplored, unknown.
Approach, ye brave Companions of the Sea!
And fearless view this awful Scene with me.
Ye native guardians of your Country's Laws!
Ye brave assertors of her sacred Cause!
The Muse invites you, judge if she depart,
Unequal, from the thorny rules of art;
In practice trained, and conscious of her power,
She boldly moves to meet the trying hour:
Her voice attempting themes, before unknown
To Music, sings distresses all her own.

II. O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propelled by flattering gales, the Vessel glides:
RODMOND exulting felt th' auspicious Wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.
The thoughts of Home, that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate PALEMON's Soul;

Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and Danger melts away.
Tall IDA's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising to the view;
When on the larboard quarter they descry
A liquid Column towering shoot on high;
The foaming base the angry Whirlwinds sweep,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful Deep:
Still round, and round, the fluid vortex flies,
Diffusing briny Vapours o'er the skies.
This vast Phenomenon, whose lofty head,
In Heaven immersed, embracing clouds o'erspread,
In spiral motion first, as Seamen deem,
Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps the stream.
The swift volution, and th' enormous train,
Let Sages versed in Nature's lore explain.
The horrid Apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling billows fly.
The guns were primed; the Vessel northward veers,
Till her black battery on the Column bears:
The nitre fired; and, while the dreadful sound
Convulsive shook the slumbering air around,

The watery Volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down, a dreadful deluge, from on high!
Th' expanding Ocean trembled as it fell,
And felt with swift recoil her Surges swell;
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The Sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear:
Ahead they see the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The Ship beneath her lofty pressure reels,
And to the freshening Gale still deeper heels.

But now, beneath the lofty Vessel's stern,
A shoal of sportive Dolphins they discern
Beaming from burnished Scales refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing Ocean seems to blaze:
In curling wreaths they wanton on the Tide,
Now bound aloft, now downward swiftly glide;
Awhile beneath the waves their tracks remain,
And burn in silver Streams along the liquid plain.
Soon to the sport of death the Crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.

One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides unhappy near the triple prong:
RODMOND, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aimed, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through;
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain,
On Deck he struggles with convulsive pain:
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonished sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid West
With parting beams all o'er profusely drest,
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal Dawn,
When orient dews impearl th' enamelled lawn;
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
And now assume the purple's deeper dye:

But here description clouds each shining ray;
What terms of Art can Nature's powers display!
The lighter Sails, for Summer winds and seas,
Are now dismissed, the straining masts to ease;
Swift on the deck the stud-sails all descend,
Which ready Seamen from the Yards unbend;
The Boats then hoisted in are fixed on board,
And on the Deck with fastening Gripes secured.
The watchful ruler of the helm no more
With fixed attention eyes th' adjacent shore,
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wonderous Magnet, guides the wayward prow.
The powerful Sails, with steady breezes swelled,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impelled:
Across her stem the parting Waters run,
As Clouds, by Tempests wafted, pass the Sun.
Impatient thus she darts along the shore,
Till Ida's mount, and Jove's, are seen no more;
And, while aloof from RETIMO she steers,
MALECA foreland full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon Isthmus stands the cypress Grove,
That once enclosed the hallowed fane of Jove;

Here too, memorial of his name! is found
A Tomb in marble ruins on the ground:
This gloomy tyrant, whose despotic sway
Compelled the trembling Nations to obey,
Through GREECE for murder, rape, and incest known,
The Muses raised to high Olympus' throne;
For oft, alas! their venal Strains adorn
The Prince, whom blushing Virtue holds in scorn:
Still ROME and GREECE record his endless fame,
And hence yon Mountain yet retains his name.

But see! in confluence borne before the Blast,
Clouds rolled on clouds the dusky Noon o'ercast:
The blackening Ocean curls, the Winds arise,
And the dark Scud in swift succession flies.
While the swoln canvass bends the Masts on high,
Low in the wave the leeward cannon lie.
The Master calls, to give the Ship relief,
The Topsails lower, and form a single reef!
Each lofty Yard with slackened cordage reels;
Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels.
Down the tall Masts the top-sails sink amain,
Are manned and reefed, then hoisted up again.

More distant grew receding CANDIA's shore,
And southward of the west CAPE SPADO bore.
Four hours the Sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone;
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade:
A lowering Squall obscures the southern sky,
Before whose sweeping breath the waters fly;
Its weight the Top-sails can no more sustain—
Reef Top-Sails, reef! the Master calls again.
The halyards and top-bow-lines soon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles next they run:
The shivering Sails descend; the Yards are square;
Then quick aloft the ready Crew repair:
The weather-earings and the lee they past,
The reefs enrolled, and every point made fast.
Their Task above thus finished, they descend,
And vigilant th' approaching Squall attend:
It comes resistless! and with foaming sweep
Upturns the whitening surface of the Deep:
In such a Tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The Wayward Sisters scour the blasted heath.

The Clouds, with ruin pregnant, now impend,
And Storm, and Cataracts, tumultuous blend.
Deep, on her side, the reeling Vessel lies:
Brail up the Mizen quick! the Master cries,
Man the clue-garnets! let the Main-Sheet fly!
It rends in thousand shivering shreds on high!
The Main-Sail all in streaming ruins tore,
Loud fluttering, imitates the thunder's roar:
The Ship still labours in th' oppressive strain,
Low bending, as if ne'er to rise again.
Bear up the Helm a-weather! RODMOND cries:
Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies;
She feels its guiding power, and veers apace,
And now the Fore-Sail right athwart they brace:
With equal sheets restrained, the bellying Sail
Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping Gale.
While o'er the foam the Ship impetuous flies,
The Helm th' attentive Timoneer applies:
As in pursuit along th' aërial way
With ardent eye the Falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling through the fluid space;

So, governed by the Steersman's glowing hands,
The regent Helm her motion still commands.
    But now, the transient Squall to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the sullen blast:
The Helm to starboard moves; each shivering Sail
Is sharply trimmed to clasp th' augmenting Gale—
The Mizen draws; she springs aloof once more,
While the fore Stay-Sail balances before.
The Fore-Sail braced obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended Tack confin'd;
Then on the leeward Sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bow-line to the Bowsprit-end:
To Top-Sails next they haste: the bunt-lines gone!
Through rattling blocks the Clue-lines swiftly run;
Th' extending Sheets on either side are mann'd,
Abroad they come! the fluttering Sails expand;
The Yards again ascend each comrade Mast,
The Leeches taught, the Halyards are made fast,
The Bow-lines hauled, and Yards to starboard braced,
And straggling ropes in pendent order placed.
    The Main-Sail, by the Squall so lately rent,
In streaming pendants flying, is unbent:

With brails refixed, another soon prepar'd,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the Yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope they extend,
And soon their earings and their robans bend.
That task performed, they first the braces slack,
Then to the Chesstree drag th' unwilling Tack.
And, while the lee clue-garnet's lowered away,
Taught aft the Sheet they tally, and belay.

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of Porpoises their course explore;
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide:
Their tracks awhile the hoary Waves retain,
That burn in sparkling trails along the Main—
These fleetest Coursers of the finny race,
When threatening Clouds th' ethereal vault deface,
Their route to leeward still sagacious form,
To shun the fury of th' approaching Storm.

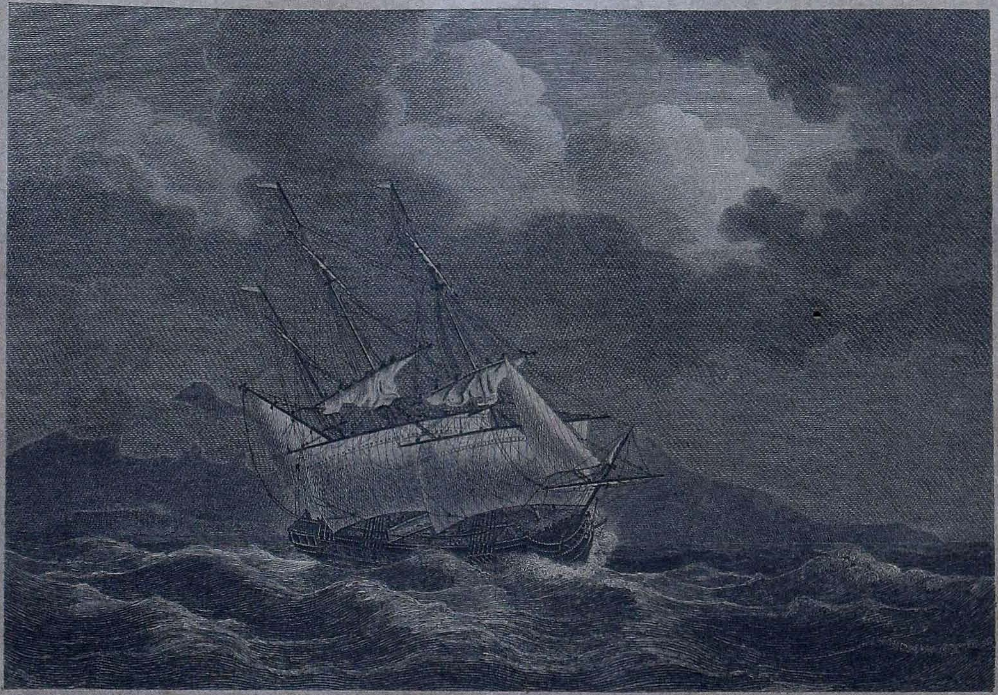
III. Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
Protects the Vessel from th' insulting Sea;
Round her broad arms impatient of control,
Roused from the secret Deep, the billows roll:

Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly Shore,
And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
The flattering Wind, that late with promised aid
From CANDIA's bay th' unwilling Ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies:
Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe—
As the proud Horse with costly trappings gay,
Exulting, prances to the bloody fray;
Spurning the ground he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight:
E'en so, caparisoned in gaudy pride,
The bounding Vessel dances on the tide.

Fierce and more fierce the gathering Tempest grew,
South, and by West, the threatening Demon blew;
AUSTER's resistless force all air invades,
And every rolling Wave more ample spreads:
The Ship no longer can her top-sails bear;
No hopes of milder weather now appear.
Bowlines and Halyards are cast off again,
Clue-lines hauled down, and Sheets let fly amain:

THE LAUNCH

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.



N. Pocock pinxit. J. Fittler A.R.A. sculpsit.

THE GALE INCREASING.

Embrailed each Top-sail, and by braces squar'd,
The Seamen climb aloft, and man each Yard ;
They furled the Sails, and pointed to the wind
The Yards, by rolling tackles then confin'd,
While o'er the Ship the gallant Boatswain flies ;
Like a hoarse mastiff through the Storm he cries,
Prompt to direct th' unskilful still appears,
Th' expert he praises, and the timid cheers.
Now some, to strike Top-gallant-Yards attend,
Some, Trav'llers up the weather-back-stays send,
At each mast-head the Top-ropes others bend:
The Parrels, Lifts, and Clue-lines soon are gone,
Topped and unrigged, they down the back-stays run;
The Yards secure along the Booms were laid,
And all the flying ropes aloft belay'd :
Their Sails reduced, and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the Crew relax from toils severe ;
Awhile their spirits with fatigue opprest,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest—
But with redoubling force the Tempests blow,
And watery hills in dread succession flow :

A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning Skies,
New troubles grow ; fresh difficulties rise ;
No season this from duty to descend,
All hands on deck must now the Storm attend.

His race performed, the sacred Lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray :
His languid fires, half lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze ;
Till deep immerged the sickening orb descends,
And cheerless Night o'er Heaven her reign extends :
Sad Evening's hour, how different from the past!
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast,
No ray of friendly light is seen around ;
The Moon and Stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The Ship no longer can whole courses bear,
To reef them now becomes the Master's care ;
The Sailors, summoned aft, all ready stand,
And man th' enfolding Brails at his command :
But here the doubtful Officers dispute,
Till skill, and judgment, prejudice confute :
For RODMOND, to new methods still a foe,
Would first, at all events, the Sheet let go ;

To long-tried practice obstinately warm,
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
This Albert and Arion disapprove,
And first to brail the tack up firmly move:
" *The watchful Seaman, whose sagacious eye*
" *On sure experience may with truth rely,*
" *Who from the reigning Cause foretels th' Effect,*
" *This barbarous practice ever will reject;*
" *For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid Sail*
" *Soon flits to ruins in the furious Gale;*
" *And he, who strives the Tempest to disarm,*
" *Will never first embrail the lee Yard-Arm.*"
So Albert spoke; to windward, at his call,
Some Seamen the clue-garnet stand to haul—
The Tack's eased off, while the involving Clue
Between the pendent blocks ascending flew;
The Sheet and weather-brace they now stand by,
The lee clue-garnet, and the bunt-lines ply:
Then, all prepared, *Let go the Sheet!* he cries—
Loud rattling, jarring, through the blocks it flies!
Shivering at first, till by the Blast impelled;
High o'er the lee yard-arm the Canvass swelled;

By spilling lines embraced, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
The Foresail then secured with equal care,
Again to reef the Mainsail they repair;
While some above the Yard o'er-haul the tye,
Below, the down-haul Tackle others ply;
Jears, lifts and brails, a seaman each attends,
And down the mast its mighty Yard descends:
When lowered sufficient they securely brace,
And fix the rolling tackle in its place;
The reef-lines and their earings now prepared,
Mounting on pliant shrouds they man the Yard:
Far on th' extremes appear two able hands,
For no inferior skill this task demands—
To windward, foremost, young ARION strides,
The lee yard-arm the gallant Boatswain rides:
Each Earing to its Cringle first they bend,
The Reef-band then along the yard extend;
The circling Earings round th' extremes entwin'd,
By outer and by inner turns they bind;
The Reef-lines next from hand to hand received,
Through eyelet-holes and roban-legs were reeved;

The folding Reefs in plaits inrolled they lay,
Extend the worming lines, and ends belay.
Hadst thou, ARION! held the leeward post
While on the Yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps Oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil;
But ruling Heaven prolonged thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer, and relate.
For, while aloft the order those attend
To furl the Mainsail, or on deck descend;
A Sea, upsurging with stupendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole:
O friends, secure your hold! ARION cries—
It comes all dreadful! down the Vessel lies
Half buried sideways; while, beneath it tost,
Four Seamen off the lee yard-arm are lost:
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the Yard enfold;
In vain to grapple flying ropes they try,
The Ropes, alas! a solid gripe deny:
Prone on the midnight Surge with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with Death;

High o'er their heads the rolling Billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep.
Bereft of power to help, their Comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee,
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan,
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!

In dark suspense on deck the Pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command:
Though still they knew the Vessel's arméd side
Impenetrable to the clasping Tide;
Though still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore!
" Should they, though reefed, again their sails extend,
" Again in shivering streamers they may rend;
" Or, should they stand, beneath th' oppressive strain
" The down-pressed Ship may never rise again;
" Too late to weather now Morea's land,
" And drifting fast on Athens' rocky strand."—
Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallayed by Hope appear:

Long pondering in their minds each feared event,
At last to furl the Courses they consent;
That done, to reef the Mizen next agree,
And try beneath it sidelong in the Sea.
Now down the mast the Yard they lower away,
Then jears and topping-lift secure belay;
The Head, with doubling canvass fenced around,
In balance near the lofty peak they bound;
The Reef enwrapped, th' inserting knittles tied,
The halyards throt and peak are next applied—
The Order given, the Yard aloft they swayed,
The brails relaxed, th' extended Sheet belayed;
The Helm its post forsook, and, lashed a-lee,
Inclined the wayward prow to front the sea.
IV. When sacred Orpheus on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine deplored his Consort lost;
Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And Fates and Furies stood to bar his way;
Not more adventurous was th' attempt, to move
Th' infernal Powers with strains of heavenly love,
Than mine, in ornamental Verse to dress
The harshest sounds that terms of art express:

Such arduous toil sage DÆDALUS endured
In mazes, self-invented, long immured,
Till Genius her superior aid bestow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode—
Thus, long imprisoned in a rugged way
Where PHOEBUS' daughters never aimed to stray,
The Muse, that tuned to barbarous sounds her string,
Now spreads, like DÆDALUS, a bolder wing;
The Verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
Where Desolation in his gloomy car
Triumphant rages round the starless void,
And Fate on every billow seems to ride;
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the Seamen with unmanly fear:
Though their firm hearts no pageant-honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn:
Though now full oft they felt the raging Tide
In proud rebellion climb the Vessel's side

Though every rising Wave more dreadful grows,
And in succession dire the Deck o'erflows;
No future ills unknown their souls appal,
They know no Danger, or they scorn it all:
But e'en the generous spirits of the Brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave;
They, with severe fatigue alone opprest,
Would fain indulge an interval of rest.

Far other cares the MASTER's mind employ,
Approaching Perils all his hopes destroy;
In vain he spreads the graduated Chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art;
Across the geometric Plane expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands;
Ungrateful task! for, no asylum found,
Death yawns on every leeward shore around.—
While ALBERT thus, with horrid doubts dismayed,
The geometric distances surveyed;
On deck the watchful RODMOND cries aloud,
Secure your lives! grasp every man a Shroud—
Roused from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast;
When o'er the Ship, in undulation vast,

A giant Surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissevered ruins lie :
As when, Britannia's Empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the Main,
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores ;
Beneath the Storm their shattered Navies groan ;
The trembling Deep recoils from zone to zone—
Thus the torn Vessel felt th' enormous stroke,
The Boats beneath the thundering deluge broke ;
Torn from their planks the cracking ring-bolts drew,
And gripes and lashings all asunder flew ;
Companion, Binacle, in floating wreck,
With Compasses and Glasses strewed the Deck ;
The balanced Mizen, rending to the head,
In fluttering fragments from its bolt-rope fled ;
The Sides convulsive shook on groaning Beams,
And, rent with labour, yawned their pitchy Seams.

They sound the Well, and, terrible to hear !
Five feet immersed along the Line appear :
At either Pump they ply the clanking brake,
And, turn by turn, th' ungrateful office take :

Rodmond, Arion and Palemon here
At this sad Task all diligent appear—
As some strong Citadel begirt with foes
Tries long the tide of ruin to oppose,
Destruction near her spreads his black array,
And Death and Sorrow mark his horrid way:
Till, in some destined hour, against her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
It breaks! it bursts before the cannonade!
And following hosts the shattered Domes invade:
Her inmates long repel the hostile Flood,
And shield their sacred charge in streams of blood:
So the brave Mariners their Pumps attend,
And help incessant, by rotation, lend;
But all in vain! for now the sounding Cord,
Updrawn, an undiminished depth explor'd.
Nor this severe distress is found alone,
The Ribs opprest by ponderous Cannon groan;
Deep rolling from the watery volume's height,
The tortur'd Sides seem bursting with their weight—
So reels Pelorus with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning Earthquake glows;

Hoarse through his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central Thunders rend his groaning frame—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And Fate, vindictive, all their skill defies:
For this, one remedy is only known,
From the torn Ship her metal must be thrown;
Eventful Task! which last distress requires,
And dread of instant Death alone inspires:
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
Filled ever and anon with rushing Seas,
Some fatal billow with recoiling sweep
May whirl the helpless Wretches in the Deep.

No season this for counsel or delay;
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here Perseverance, with each help of Art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart;
These only now their misery can relieve,
These only now a dawn of safety give.
While o'er the quivering deck from van to rear
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue;

The wheeled Artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claimed the weather-side;
Fearless of heart the Chief his orders gave,
Fronting the rude assaults of every Wave—
Like some strong Watch-tower nodding o'er the
Deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untamed he stood; the stern aërial war
Had marked his honest face with many a scar;
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the Waist,
The cordage of the leeward-guns unbraced,
And pointed crows beneath the Metal placed.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling Cannon threw;
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheeled th' artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous Arms across the steep defile;
Then, hurled from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing Tide.

The Ship, thus eased, some little respite finds
In this rude conflict of the Seas and Winds—

Such ease ALCIDES felt, when, clogged with gore,
Th' envenom'd Mantle from his side he tore;
When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late
To stop the swift career of cruel Fate;
Yet then his heart one ray of Hope procured,
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endured—
Such, and so short, the pause of woe She found!
Cimmerian darkness shades the Deep around,
Save when the lightnings in terrific blaze
Deluge the cheerless gloom with horrid rays:
Above, all Ether fraught with scenes of woe
With grim destruction threatens all below;
Beneath, the storm-lashed Surges furious rise,
And wave uprolled on wave assails the skies;
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The Ship, half swallowed in the black profound.

With ceaseless hazard and fatigue opprest,
Dismay and anguish every heart possest;
For while, with sweeping inundation, o'er
The sea-beat Ship the booming Waters roar,
Displaced beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume;

By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove;
Till gathering fury, like the fevered blood,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood:
When unrelenting thus the Leaks they found,
The clattering Pumps with clanking strokes resound;
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdued,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renewed:
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill,
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil;
No ray of light their dying Hope redeems,
Pregnant with some new woe, each moment teems.

Again the Chief th' instructive Chart extends,
And o'er the figured plane attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the Sun's refulgent throne;
But here, alas! his science nought avails,
Skill droops unequal, and experience fails:
The different Traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then, in the graduated Arch contained,
The angle of lee-way, seven points, remained.—

Her place discovered by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the Master's heart,
When, on th' immediate line of drift, he found
The rugged Isle, with rocks and breakers bound,
Of FALCONERA; distant only now
Nine lessening leagues beneath the leeward bow:
For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless Bark with all her Crew are lost;
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St. GEORGE, and rocky GARDALOR.
With him the Pilots, of their hopeless state,
In mournful consultation, long debate—
Not more perplexing doubts her Chiefs appal
When some proud City verges to her fall,
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her Councils in the dead of night.
No blazoned Trophies o'er their Concave spread,
Nor storied Pillars raised aloft their head:
But here the Queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view!
Dire was the Scene with whirlwind, hail and shower;
Black Melancholy ruled the fearful hour:

Beneath, tremendous rolled the flashing Tide,
Where Fate on every billow seemed to ride—
Enclosed with ills, by Peril unsubdued,
Great in distress the Master-Seaman stood!
Skilled to command; deliberate to advise;
Expert in action; and in council wise—
Thus to his partners, by the Crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the Chief referred:
"Ye faithful Mates! who all my troubles share,
"Approved Companions of your Master's care!
"To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
"Our sad distress, already known too well:
"This Morn with favouring gales the Port we left,
"Though now of every flattering Hope bereft:
"No skill, nor long Experience could forecast
"Th' unseen approach of this destructive Blast;
"These Seas, where Storms at various seasons blow,
"No reigning Winds nor certain omens know:
"The hour, th' occasion, all your skill demands,
"A leaky Ship, embayed by dangerous lands!
"Our Bark no transient jeopardy surrounds,
"Groaning she lies beneath unnumbered wounds:

" 'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find,
" To shun the fury of the Seas and Wind;
" For in this hollow Swell, with labour sore,
" Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more.
" One only shift, though desperate, we must try,
" And that, before the boisterous Storm to fly:
" Then less her sides will feel the Surges' power,
" Which thus may soon the foundering hull devour.
" 'Tis true, the Vessel and her costly freight
" To me consigned, my orders only wait;
" Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
" To equal votes our counsels I resign—
" Forbid it, Heaven! that in this dreadful hour
" I claim the dangerous reins of purblind Power!
" But should we now resolve to bear away,
" Our hopeless state can suffer no delay:
" Nor can we, thus bereft of every Sail,
" Attempt to steer obliquely on the Gale;
" For then, if broaching sideway to the sea,
" Our dropsied Ship may founder by the lee;
" Vain all endeavours then to bear away,
" Nor Helm, nor Pilot, would she more obey."

He said: the listening Mates with fixed regard
And silent reverence, his opinion heard;
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their Counsels hung impending Fate:
RODMOND, in many a scene of Peril tried,
Had oft the Master's happier skill descried;
Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferred his own:
Of long experience in the Naval Art,
Blunt was his Speech, and naked was his Heart;
Alike to him each Climate, and each Blast,
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious, balancing th' opposed Events,
From ALBERT his opinion thus dissents.—
" Too true the perils of the present hour,
" Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'erpower!
" Our Bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
" Sore shattered by the ruffian Seas and Wind:
" Yet where with safety can we dare to scud
" Before this Tempest, and pursuing Flood?
" At random driven, to present death we haste,
" And one short hour perhaps may be our last:

"Though CORINTH's gulf extend along the lee,
"To whose safe Ports appears a passage free,
"Yet think! this furious unremitting Gale
"Deprives the Ship of every ruling sail;
"And if before it she directly flies,
"New ills enclose us and new dangers rise:
"Here FALCONERA spreads her lurking snares,
"There distant GREECE her rugged Shelves prepares;
"Our Hull, if once it strikes that iron Coast,
"Asunder bursts, in instant ruin lost;
"Nor she alone, but with her all the Crew,
"Beyond relief, are doomed to perish too:
"Such mischiefs follow if we bear away;
"O safer that sad refuge—to delay!

"Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
"To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope:
"Though sorely buffetted by every Sea,
"Our Hull unbroken long may try a-lee;
"The Crew, though harassed much with toils severe,
"Still at their pumps, perceive no hazards near:
"Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
"At once their courage and their hope to quell?

" Prudence forbids! this southern Tempest soon
" May change its quarter with the changing Moon;
" Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
" Nor into mountains lash th' unruly Tide:
" These leaks shall then decrease—the sails once more
" Direct our course to some relieving Shore."
Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either Pump a hollow murmur ran:
For, while the Vessel through unnumbered chinks,
Above, below, th' invading water drinks,
Sounding her depth they eyed the wetted scale,
And lo! the Leaks o'er all their powers prevail:
Yet at their post, by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubling force their task pursued.
And now the senior Pilots seemed to wait
ARION's voice, to close the dark debate:
Not o'er his vernal life the ripening Sun
Had yet progressive twice ten Summers run;
Slow to debate, yet eager to excel,
In thy sad school, stern NEPTUNE! taught too well:
With lasting pain to rend his youthful heart
Dire Fate in venom dipt her keenest dart;

Till his firm Spirit, tempered long to ill,
Forgot her persecuting scourge to feel:
But now the Horrors, that around him roll,
Thus roused to action his rekindling Soul:
"Can we, delayed in this tremendous Tide,
"A moment pause what purpose to decide?
"Alas! from circling Horrors thus combined,
"One method of relief alone we find:
"Thus water-logged, thus helpless to remain
"Amid this hollow, how ill judged! how vain!
"Our sea-breach'd Vessel can no longer bear
"The floods, that o'er her burst in dread career;
"The labouring Hull already seems half-filled
"With water through an hundred Leaks distilled;
"Thus drenched by every Wave, her riven deck,
"Stript, and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;
"At every pitch th' o'erwhelming billows bend
"Beneath their load the quivering Bowsprit's end;
"A fearful warning! since the Masts on high
"On that support with trembling hope rely;
"At either Pump our Seamen pant for breath,
"In dire dismay, anticipating Death;

" Still all our powers th' increasing Leaks defy,
" We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh :
" One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom
" To light and save us from a watery tomb ;
" That bids us shun the death impending here,
" Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.
" 'Tis urged indeed, the fury of the Gale
" Precludes the help of every guiding sail ;
" And, driven before it on the watery waste,
" To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste ;
" But haply FALCONERA we may shun,
" And long to Grecian coasts is yet the run :
" Less harassed then, our scudding Ship may bear
" Th' assaulting Surge repelled upon her rear,
" And since as soon that Tempest may decay
" When steering shoreward—wherefore thus delay ?
" Should we at last be driven by dire decree
" Too near the fatal margin of the Sea,
" The Hull dismasted there awhile may ride
" With lengthened cables, on the raging tide ;
" Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
" May curb the Tempest ere that dreadful hour ;

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW...

" But here, ingulfed and foundering, while we stay,
" Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey."
He said: PALEMON saw with grief of heart
The Storm prevailing o'er the Pilot's art;
In silent terror and distress involved,
He heard their last alternative resolved:
High beat his bosom—with such fear subdued,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering Swain explored
The midnight Wizards, breathing rites abhorred;
Trembling, approached their incantations fell,
And, chilled with horror, heard the Songs of hell.
ARION saw, with secret anguish moved,
The deep affliction of the friend he loved,
And all awake to Friendship's genial heat
His bosom felt consenting tremors beat:
Alas! no season this for tender love,
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove—
He tried with soft persuasion's melting lore
PALEMON's fainting courage to restore;
His wounded Spirit healed with friendship's balm,
And bade each conflict of the Mind be calm.

Now had the Pilots all th' events revolved,
And on their final refuge thus resolved—
When, like the faithful Shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling Wolf approach his fleecy folds,
To the brave Crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose ALBERT thus directs:
"Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
"Whose courage now is known perhaps too late;
"Ye! who unmoved behold this angry Storm
"In conflict all the rolling Deep deform;
"Who, patient in Adversity, still bear
"The firmest front when greatest ills are near;
"The truth, though painful, I must now reveal,
"That long in vain I purposed to conceal:
"Ingulfed, all help of art we vainly try,
"To weather leeward Shores, alas! too nigh:
"Our crazy Bark no longer can abide
"The Seas, that thunder o'er her battered side;
"And while the leaks a fatal warning give
"That in this raging Sea she cannot live,
"One only refuge from despair we find—
"At once to wear and scud before the wind:

" Perhaps e'en then to ruin we may steer,
" For rocky Shores beneath our lee appear;
" But that's remote, and instant Death is here:
" Yet there, by Heaven's assistance, we may gain
" Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
" Or, sheltered by some Rock, at anchor ride
" Till with abating rage the Blast subside:
" But if, determined by the will of Heaven,
" Our helpless Bark at last ashore is driven,
" These councils followed, from a watery grave
" Our Crew perhaps amid the Surf may save:—
" And first, let all our axes be secured
" To cut the Masts and Rigging from aboard;
" Then to the Quarters bind each plank and oar
" To float between the Vessel and the shore:
" The longest Cordage too must be conveyed
" On deck, and to the weather-rails belayed:
" So they, who haply reach alive the Land,
" Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand,
" Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward shore,
" While yet aloof, we hear the Breakers roar:

" Thus for the terrible Event prepar'd,
" Brace fore and aft to starboard every Yard ;
" So shall our Masts swim lighter on the wave,
" And from the broken Rocks our Seamen save ;
" Then westward turn the Stem, that every Mast
" May shoreward fall as from the Vessel cast.
" When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
" Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground ;
" And, when you hear aloft the dreadful shock
" That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
" The boldest of our Sailors must descend
" The dangerous business of the Deck to tend :
" Then burst the Hatches off, and every Stay
" And every fastening Lanyard cut away,
" Planks, Gratings, Booms, and Rafts to leeward cast ;
" Then with redoubled strokes attack each Mast,
" That buoyant lumber may sustain you o'er
" The rocky Shelves and Ledges to the Shore :
" But as your firmest succour, till the last
" O cling securely on each faithful Mast !
" Though great the danger, and the task severe,
" Yet bow not to the tyranny of Fear ;

"If once that slavish yoke your souls subdue,
"Adieu to Hope! to Life itself adieu!
"I know among you some have oft beheld
"A blood-hound train, by rapine's lust impell'd,
"On England's cruel coast impatient stand,
"To rob the Wanderers wrecked upon their strand:
"These, while their savage office they pursue,
"Oft wound to death the helpless plundered Crew,
"Who, 'scaped from every horror of the main,
"Implored their mercy, but implored in vain:
"Yet dread not this, a Crime to GREECE unknown,
"Such bloodhounds all her circling shores disown;
"Who, though by barb'rous tyranny opprest,
"Can share affliction with the Wretch distrest:
"Their hearts, by cruel fate inured to grief,
"Oft to the friendless Stranger yield relief."
With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for awhile their Native Land;
They cursed the sleeping vengeance of the Laws,
That thus forgot her guardian Sailors' cause.
Meanwhile the MASTER's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all revered:

" No more remains—but now a trusty band
" Must ever at the Pumps industrious stand;
" And, while with us the rest attend to wear,
" Two skilful Seamen to the Helm repair—
" *And Thou* ETERNAL POWER! *whose awful sway*
" *The Storms revere, and roaring Seas obey!*
" *On thy Supreme assistance we rely;*
" *Thy Mercy supplicate, if doomed to die!*
" *Perhaps this Storm is sent with healing breath*
" *From neighb'ring Shores to scourge disease and death:*
" *'Tis ours on thine unerring Laws to trust,*
" *With thee, great* LORD! '*whatever is, is just.*'"

He said: and, with consenting reverence fraught,
The Sailors joined his Prayer in silent thought:
His intellectual eye, serenely bright,
Saw distant objects with prophetic light—
Thus in a Land, that lasting Wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress;
Whose Wealth to conquering armies falls a prey,
Till all her Vigour, Pride and Fame decay;

Some bold sagacious Statesman, from the helm,
Sees desolation gathering o'er his Realm;
He darts around his penetrating eyes
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise;
With deep attention marks th' invading Foe,
Eludes their wiles and frustrates every blow,
Tries his last art the tottering State to save,
Or in its ruins find a glorious Grave.

Still in the yawning trough the Vessel reels,
Ingulfed beneath two fluctuating hills;
On either side they rise, tremendous Scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between:
The balanced Ship now forward, now behind,
Still felt th' impression of the Waves and Wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd;
But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the Prow its double efforts threw.
The Order now was given to *bear away!*
The order given, the Timoneers obey:
Both stay-sail Sheets to mid-ships were conveyed,
And round the Foremast on each side belayed;

Thus ready, to the Halyards they apply,
They hoist! away the flitting ruins fly:
Yet ALBERT new resources still prepares,
Conceals his grief, and doubles all his cares.—
" *Away there! lower the mizen-yard on deck,*"
He calls, " *and brace the foremost yards aback!*"
His great Example every bosom fires,
New life rekindles and new hope inspires.
While to the Helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries—
" *Haste! with your weapons cut the Shrouds and Stay,*
" *And hew at once the Mizen-mast away!*"
He said: to cut the girding Stay they run,
Soon on each side the severed Shrouds are gone:
Fast by the fated Pine bold RODMOND stands,
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandished on high, it fell with dreadful sound,
The tall Mast groaning felt the deadly wound;
Deep gashed beneath, the tottering structure rings,
And crashing, thundering, o'er the Quarter swings:
Thus, when some Limb, convulsed with pangs of death,
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath,

Th' experienced Artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays;
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
To stop the course of Death's inflaming tides,
Th' infected member from the Trunk divides.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

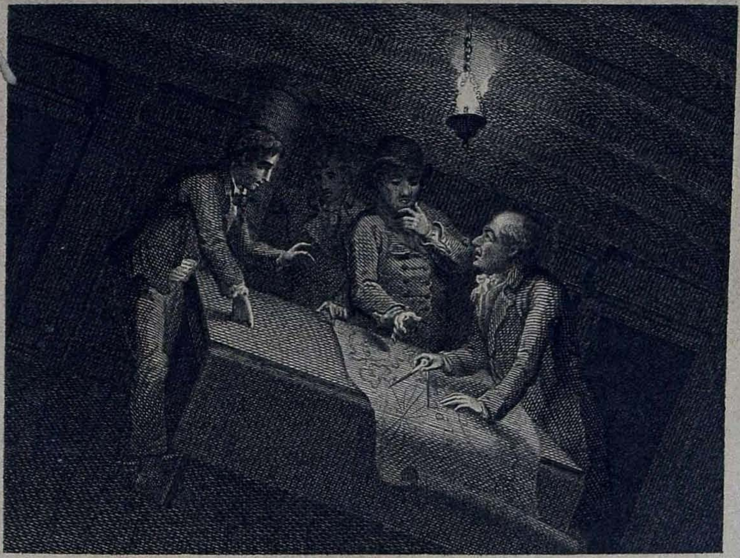
THIRD CANTO:

The Scene is extended from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna in Attica.

THE TIME ABOUT SEVEN HOURS; FROM ONE, UNTIL EIGHT IN THE MORNING.

ARGUMENT.

I. The beneficial influence of Poetry in the civilization of Mankind. . .Diffidence of the Author.—II. Wreck of the Mizen-Mast cleared away. . .Ship put before the Wind. . .labours much. . .Different stations of the Officers. . .Appearance of the Island of FALCONERA.—III. Excursion to the adjacent Nations of GREECE renowned in antiquity. . .ATHENS. . . Socrates, Plato, Aristides. . .Solon. . .CORINTH. . .its Architecture. . .SPARTA. . .Leonidas. . .Invasion by Xerxes. . . Lycurgus. . .Epaminondas. . .Present state of the Spartans. . . ARCADIA. . .Former happiness, and fertility. . .Its present distress the effect of Slavery. . .ITHACA. . .Ulysses and Penelope. . .ARGOS and MYCÆNE. . .Agamemnon. . .MACRONISI . . .LEMNOS. . .Vulcan. . .DELOS. . .Apollo and Diana. . . TROY. . .SESTOS. . .Leander and Hero. . .DELPHOS. . .Temple of Apollo. . .PARNASSUS. . .The Muses.—IV. Subject resumed. . .Address to the Spirits of the Storm. . .A Tempest, accompanied with Rain, Hail, and Meteors. . .Darkness of the Night, Lightning and Thunder. . .Day-break. . .St. George's Cliffs open upon them. . .The Ship, in great danger, passes the Island of St. George.—V. Land of Athens appears . . .Helmsman struck blind by Lightning. . .Ship laid broadside to the Shore. . .Bowsprit, Foremast, and Main Top-mast carried away. . .ALBERT, RODMOND, ARION and PALEMON strive to save themselves on the wreck of the Foremast. . .The Ship parts asunder. . .Death of ALBERT and RODMOND. . . ARION reaches the Shore. . .Finds PALEMON expiring on the Beach. . .His dying Address to ARION, who is led away by the humane Natives.



N. Pocock pinxt J. Fittler sculpt

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THE THIRD CANTO.

I. When in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human Savage roamed the gloomy wild;
When sullen Ignorance her flag displayed,
And Rapine and Revenge her voice obeyed;
Sent from the Shores of light the Muses came
The dark and solitary race to tame,

The war of lawless Passions to control,
To melt in tender sympathy the soul;
The heart's remote recesses to explore,
And touch its springs when Prose availed no more:
The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glowed congenial with the swelling lay;
Roused from the chaos of primeval Night,
At once fair Truth and Reason sprung to light.
When great MÆONIDES, in rapid Song,
The thundering tide of Battle rolls along,
Each ravished bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms;
Hence, War's terrific glory to display,
Became the theme of every epic lay:
But when his strings with mournful magic tell
What dire distress LAERTES' Son befel,
The strains meand'ring through the maze of woe
Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow;
Far through the boundless realms of Thought he springs,
From earth upborne on Pegasean wings,

While distant Poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue;
His magic voice that rouses and delights,
Allures and guides to climb Olympian Heights:
But I, alas! through scenes bewildered stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray;
While, all unused the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread;
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers fraught with living fire;
Full oft indeed that mournful Harp of yore
Wept the sad Wanderer lost upon the shore;
'Tis true he lightly sketched the bold design,
But Toils more joyless, more severe are mine;
Since o'er that scene his Genius swiftly ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan:
But I, perplexed in labyrinths of Art,
Anatomize, and blazon every part;
Attempt with plaintive numbers to display,
And chain th' Events in regular array;
Though hard the task to sing in varied strains,
When still unchanged the same sad Theme remains:

O could it draw Compassion's melting tear
For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near!
For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast
On ALBION's strand beneath the wintery blast;
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her bravest sons, her guardian Sailors know;
Then every breast should sigh at our distress—
This were the summit of my hoped success!
For this, my Theme through mazes I pursue,
Which nor MÆONIDES, nor MARO knew.

II. Awhile the Mast, in ruins dragged behind,
Balanced th' impression of the helm and wind;
The wounded Serpent agonized with pain
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain:
But now, the wreck dissevered from the rear,
The long reluctant Prow began to veer:
While round before th' enlarging wind it falls,
" Square fore and aft the Yards," the Master calls:
" You Timoneers her motion still attend,
" For on your steerage all our lives depend:
" So, steady! meet her! watch the curving Prow,
" And from the Gale directly let her go."

"*Starboard again!*" the watchful Pilot cries,
"*Starboard!*" th' obedient Timoneer replies:
Then back to port, revolving at command,
The wheel rolls swiftly through each glowing hand.
The Ship no longer, foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea;
All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
Scourged on by surges, storms, and bursting Skies:
As when enclosing Harponeers assail
In Hyperborean Seas the slumb'ring Whale,
Soon as their javelins pierce his scaly side,
He groans, he darts impetuous down the tide;
And racked all o'er with lacerating pain,
He flies remote beneath the flood in vain—
So with resistless haste the wounded Ship
Scuds from pursuing waves along the deep;
While, dashed apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow;
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone,
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan:
Upheaved behind her in tremendous height
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright;

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS

Now quivering o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides;
Now lanching headlong down the horrid vale,
Becalmed, she hears no more the howling Gale;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies:
As that rebellious Angel, who, from heaven,
To regions of eternal pain was driven,
When dreadless he forsook the stygian shore
The distant realms of EDEN to explore;
Here, on sulphureous Clouds sublime upheaved,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleaved;
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the void abrupt of Night was thrown—
E'en so She climbs the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight:
The Masts, about whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
With long vibration round her axle swing.

To guide her wayward Course amid the gloom,
The watchful Pilots different posts assume:
ALBERT and RODMOND on the Poop appear,
There to direct each guiding Timoneer;

While at the bow the watch ARION keeps,
To shun what Cruisers wander o'er the deeps:
Where'er he moves PALEMON still attends,
As if on him his only hope depends;
While RODMOND, fearful of some neighbouring shore,
Cries, ever and anon, *Look out afore!*
Thus o'er the flood four hours she scudding flew,
When FALCONERA's rugged Cliffs they view
Faintly along the larboard bow descried,
As o'er its mountain tops the lightnings glide;
High o'er its summit, through the gloom of Night,
The glimmering Watch Tower cast a mournful light:
In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
And hear the Breakers lash the rugged strand—
But scarce perceived, when past the Beam it flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies:
That danger past reflects a feeble joy,
But soon returning fears their hope destroy:
As in th' Atlantic Ocean, when we find
Some Alp of Ice driv'n southward by the wind,
The sultry air all sickening pants around,
In deluges of torrid ether drown'd;

Till when the floating Isle approaches nigh,
In cooling tides th' aërial billows fly:
Awhile delivered from the scorching heat,
In gentler tides our feverish pulses beat:
Such transient pleasure, as they passed this strand,
A moment bade their throbbing hearts expand;
Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire,
Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire.

III. Say, MEMORY! thou, from whose unerring tongue
Instructive flows the animated song,
What Regions now the scudding Ship surround?
Regions of old through all the World renown'd;
That, once the Poet's theme, the Muses' boast,
Now lie in ruins, in oblivion lost!
Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,
Unskilled in Grecian, or in Roman lore,
Unconscious pass along each famous shore?
They did: for in this desert, joyless Soil,
No flowers of genial Science deign to smile;
Sad Ocean's Genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every springing flower;

For native Tempests here, with blasting breath,
Despoil, and doom the vernal buds to death;
Here Fancy droops, while sullen clouds, and Storm,
The generous temper of the Soul deform:
Then, if among the wandering Naval train,
One Stripling, exiled from th' Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranced in Fancy's soothing dream,
Approached to taste the sweet Castalian Stream;
(Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,
To purer sense the softened soul refine)
Sure he, amid unsocial Mates immured,
To learning lost, severer Grief endured;
In vain might PHŒBUS' ray his mind inspire,
Since Fate with torrents quenched the kindling fire:
If one this pain of living death possest,
It dwelt supreme, ARION! in thy breast;
When, with PALEMON, watching in the night
Beneath pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
You oft recounted those surrounding States,
Whose glory Fame with brazen tongue relates.
 Immortal ATHENS first, in ruin spread,
Contiguous lies at Port Liono's head;

Great source of Science! whose immortal name
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of Fame;
Here god-like SOCRATES, and PLATO shone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honour won;
The first in Virtue's cause his life resigned,
By Heaven pronounced the wisest of mankind;
The last proclaimed the spark of vital fire,
The Soul's fine essence, never could expire;
Here SOLON dwelt, the philosophic Sage
That fled PISISTRATUS' vindictive rage;
Just ARISTIDES here maintained the Cause,
Whose sacred Precepts shine through Solon's laws:
Of all her towering Structures, now alone
Some Columns stand, with mantling weeds o'ergrown;
The wandering Stranger near the Port descries
A milk-white Lion of stupendous size,
Of antique marble; hence the Haven's name,
Unknown to modern Natives whence it came.
    Next, in the gulf of Engia, CORINTH lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seemed to strike the skies;
Whom, though by tyrant victors oft subdued,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with admiration viewed:

Her name, for architecture long renowned,
Spread like the foliage which her Pillars crowned;
But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.
Then further westward, on Morea's land,
Fair MISITRA! thy modern turrets stand:
Ah! who, unmoved with secret woe, can tell
That here great LACEDÆMON'S glory fell;
Here once she flourished, at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains, and Nations shook around;
Here brave LEONIDAS from shore to shore
Through all Achaia bade her thunders roar:
He; when imperial XERXES from afar
Advanced with Persia's sumless hosts to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece all shuddered as the Chief drew near;
He, at Thermopylæ's decisive plain,
Their force opposed with SPARTA'S glorious train;
Tall Oeta saw the tyrant's conquered bands
In gasping millions bleed on hostile lands:
Thus vanquished, haughty Asia heard thy name,
And Thebes, and Athens, sickened at thy fame;

Thy State, supported by LYCURGUS' laws,
Gained, like thine arms, superlative applause;
E'en great EPAMINONDAS strove in vain
To curb thy spirit with a Theban chain:
But ah! how low that free-born spirit now!
Thy abject sons to haughty tyrants bow;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Invest thy region, and its name disgrace.

Not distant far, ARCADIA's blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains:
Thrice happy soil! where, still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breathed perpetual May:
Where buxom Ceres bade each fertile field
Spontaneous gifts in rich profusion yield;
Then, with some rural Nymph supremely blest,
While transport glowed in each enamoured breast,
Each faithful Shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain;
Soft as the happy Swain's enchanting lay
That pipes among *The Shades of Endermay*:
Now, sad reverse! Oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils her land;

In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train,
With midnight ravage, scour th' uncultured plain.
Westward of these, beyond the Isthmus, lies
The long sought Isle of ITHACUS the wise;
Where fair PENELOPE, of him deprived,
To guard her honour endless schemes contrived:
She, only shielded by a stripling Son,
Her lord ULYSSES long to Ilion gone,
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
And undefiled her nuptial contract held;
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
Met arts with art, and triumphed at the last.
ARGOS, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan:
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Across th' Ægean main to Dardan coasts:
Unhappy Prince! who, on a hostile shore,
Fatigue, and danger, ten long winters bore;
And when to native Realms restored at last
To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
There found a perjured friend, and faithless wife,
Who sacrificed to impious lust thy life:

Fast by ARCADIA stretch these desert plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.
Next, MACRONISI is adjacent seen,
Where adverse winds detained the Spartan Queen;
For whom, in arms combined, the Grecian host,
With vengeance fired, invaded Phrygia's coast;
For whom so long they laboured to destroy
The lofty turrets of imperial TROY;
Here driven by Juno's rage, the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruined Ilion came:
The Port an image bears of Parian stone,
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.
Due east from this appears th' immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus, and Diana bore,
DELOS! through all th' Ægean seas renown'd,
Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround;
By Phœbus honoured, and by Greece revered,
Her hallowed groves e'en distant Persia feared:
But now a desert unfrequented land,
No human footstep marks the trackless sand.
Thence to the north by Asia's western bound
Fair LEMNOS stands, with rising marble crown'd;

Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill fated Vulcan from th' ethereal world:
There his eternal anvils first he reared;
Then, forged by Cyclopean art, appeared
Thunders that shook the Skies with dire alarms,
And formed, by skill divine, immortal arms;
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
And living scandal of th' empyreal race,
In wedlock lived the beauteous Queen of Love;
Can such sensations heavenly bosoms move!

Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,
That once th' imperial Towers of Ilium bore,
Illustrious TROY! renowned in every clime
Through the long records of succeeding time;
Who saw protecting Gods from Heaven descend
Full oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend:
Though Chiefs unnumbered in her Cause were slain,
With Fate the gods, and heroes, fought in vain!
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
At midnight was involved in Grecian flame;
And now, by Time's deep ploughshare harrowed o'er,
The seat of Sacred TROY is found no more;

No trace of her proud fabrics now remains,
But Corn, and Vines, enrich her cultured plains;
Silver SCAMANDER laves the verdant shore,
Scamander, oft o'erflowed with hostile gore.
Not far removed from Ilion's famous land
In counter-view appears the THRACIAN Strand,
Where beauteous HERO, from the turret's height,
Displayed her cresset each revolving night;
Whose gleam directed loved LEANDER o'er
The rolling Hellespont from Asia's shore:
Till in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast,
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost;
Then felt her bosom agony severe,
Her eyes, sad gazing, poured th' incessant tear;
O'erwhelmed with anguish, frantic with despair,
She beat her swelling breast, and tore her hair;
On dear LEANDER's name in vain she cried,
Then headlong plunged into the parting tide:
Th' exulting tide received the lovely Maid,
And proudly from the strand its freight convey'd.
Far west of Thrace, beyond th' Ægean main,
Remote from Ocean lies the DELPHIC plain:

The sacred Oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the Mount arose, divinely fair!
Achaian marble formed the gorgeous pile,
August the fabric! elegant its style!
On brazen hinges turned the silver doors,
And chequered marble paved the polished floors;
The Roof, where storied tablature appeared,
On columns of Corinthian mould was reared;
Of shining porphyry the shafts were framed,
And round the hollow Dome bright jewels flamed:
Apollo's Priests, before the holy shrine
Suppliant, poured forth their Orisons divine;
To front the Sun's declining ray 'twas placed,
With golden Harps and branching Laurels graced:
Around the Fane, engraved by Vulcan's hand,
The Sciences and Arts were seen to stand;
Here Æsculapius' snake displayed his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast;
While from his eye's insufferable light,
Disease and Death recoiled in headlong flight:
Of this great Temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallowed woods o'erspread,
Renowned PARNASSUS lifts its honoured head;
There roses blossom in eternal Spring,
And strains celestial feathered warblers sing:
APOLLO, here, bestows th' unfading Wreath;
Here Zephyrs aromatic odours breathe;
They o'er Castalian plains diffuse perfume,
Where round the scene perennial Laurels bloom;
Fair daughters of the Sun, the sacred Nine!
Here wake to ecstasy their Harps divine,
Or bid the Paphian lute mellifluous play,
And tune to plaintive Love the liquid lay;
Their numbers every mental storm control,
And lull to Harmony th' afflicted soul,
With heavenly balm the tortured breast compose,
And soothe the agony of latent woes:
The verdant shades that HELICON surround,
On rosy gales seraphic tunes resound:
Perpetual Summers crown the happy hours,
Sweet as the breath that fans Elysian flowers:
Hence Pleasure dances in an endless round,
And Love and Joy, ineffable, abound.

IV. Stop, wandering thought! methinks I feel their strains
Diffuse delicious languor through my veins:
Adieu, ye flow'ry vales, and fragrant scenes,
Delightful bowers, and ever vernal greens!
Adieu, ye streams! that o'er enchanted ground
In lucid maze th' Aonian hill surround;
Ye fairy scenes! where Fancy loves to dwell,
And young Delight, for ever, oh, farewell!
The Soul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the sense Lethean dews distil—
Awake, O MEMORY! from th' inglorious Dream,
With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme;
Collect thy powers, arouse thy vital fire,
Ye Spirits of the Storm my verse inspire!
Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the Main,
In torrent pour along the swelling Strain.

Now, through the parting wave impetuous bore,
The scudding Vessel stemmed th' Athenian Shore;
The Pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling Stern their force repel;
For this assault should either Quarter feel,
Again to flank the Tempest she might reel:

The Steersmen every bidden turn apply,
To right, and left, the spokes alternate fly—
Thus, when some conquered Host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior Armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight in one continued line:
Thus they direct the flying Bark before
Th' impelling floods, that lash her to the Shore:
High o'er the Poop th' audacious Seas aspire,
Uprolled in hills of fluctuating fire;
With lab'ring throes she rolls on either side,
And dips her gunnels in the yawning tide;
Her joints unhinged in palsied languors play,
As ice-flakes part beneath the noon-tide ray:
The Gale howls doleful through the blocks and shrouds,
And big Rain pours a deluge from the clouds;
From wintery magazines that sweep the sky,
Descending globes of Hail impetuous fly;
High on the Masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous Meteors blaze;

Th' ethereal dome in mournful pomp array'd
Now buried lies beneath impervious shade,
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the horror of the night—
Such terror SINAI's trembling hill o'erspread,
When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head:
It seemed, the wrathful Angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd,
And here, to one ill-fated Ship opposed,
At once the dreadful magazine disclosed:
And lo! tremendous o'er the Deep he springs,
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings;
Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks,
Mad Chaos from the chains of Death awakes:
Loud, and more loud, the rolling Peals enlarge,
And blue on deck the fiery tides discharge;
There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congealed their blood;
Wide bursts in dazzling sheets the living Flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame;
Sick Earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And Nature, shuddering, feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Revealed in all its mournful shade and light;
E'en now my ear with quick vibration feels
Th' explosion burst in strong rebounding peals;
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire:
Yet ah! the languid colours vainly strive
To bid the Scene in native hues revive.

But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping Morn:
Hail, sacred Vision! who, on orient wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings;
All Nature smiling hailed the vivid ray
That gave her beauties to returning Day,
All but our Ship! which, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of Hope descried;
For now in front her trembling inmates see
The hills of GREECE emerging on the lee—
So the lost lover views that fatal Morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The maid adored resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms;

N. Pocock pinxit. J. Fittler A.R.A. sculpsit.

ATTEMPT TO VEER.

So to Eliza dawned that cruel day
That tore Æneas from her sight away,
That saw him parting never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in Clouds, thou genial Source of Light!
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight;
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign:
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme.

While shoreward now the bounding Vessel flies,
Full in her van St. George's Cliffs arise;
High o'er the rest a pointed Crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green;
Huge breakers on the larboard Bow appear,
And full a-head its eastern ledges bear:
To steer more eastward Albert still commands,
And shun, if possible, the fatal strands—
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose;
For while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow;

While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to:
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her trembling side could bear the mountained Sea,
And if pursuing Waves she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the frightful shore;
A Shore, where Shelves and hidden Rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around:
Not half so dreadful to ÆNEAS' eyes
The Straits of SICILY were seen to rise,
When Palinurus from the helm descry'd
The Rocks of SCYLLA on his eastern side,
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclosed,
His onward path CHARYBDIS' gulf opposed;
The double danger he alternate viewed,
And cautiously his arduous track pursued:
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring Vessel flies:
With terrible irruption bursting o'er
The marble Cliffs, tremendous Surges roar;
Hoarse through each winding creek the Tempest raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves:

Should once the bottom strike this cruel Shore,
The parting Ship that instant is no more;
Nor she alone, but with her all the Crew
Beyond relief are doomed to perish too:
But haply she escapes the dreadful Strand,
Though scarce her length in distance from the land;
Swift as the weapon quits the Scythian bow,
She cleaves the burning billows with her prow,
And forward hurrying with impetuous haste,
Borne on the Tempest's wings the Isle she past:
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The Sailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe with INDIA's richest ore
A safe accession to that barren Shore—
When in the dark Peruvian Mine confin'd,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning Captive wastes his life away,
For ever exiled from the realms of day,
Not half such pangs his bosom agonize
When up to distant light he rolls his eyes!
Where the broad Sun, in his diurnal way
Imparts to all beside his vivid ray,

While, all forlorn, the Victim pines in vain
For Scenes he never shall possess again.

V. But now Athenian Mountains they descry,
And o'er the Surge COLONNA frowns on high;
Where marble Columns, long by time defaced,
Moss-covered on the lofty Cape are placed;
There reared by fair Devotion to sustain
In elder times TRITONIA's sacred fane;
The circling Beach in murderous form appears,
Decisive Goal of all their hopes and fears:
The Seamen now in wild amazement see
The scene of ruin rise beneath their Lee;
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As dumb with terror they behold the last.
And now, while winged with ruin from on high,
Through the rent Cloud the ragged Lightnings fly,
A Flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale Helmsman with eternal night:
RODMOND, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touched with compassion gazed upon the blind;
And, while around his sad Companions crowd,
He guides th' unhappy Victim to the Shroud:

"*Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend!*" he cries;
"*Thy only succour on the Mast relies.*"
The Helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course;
Quick to th' abandoned wheel ARION came,
The Ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim:
The Vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly;
Fate spurs her on!—Thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the Sun some blazing Star,
And, as it feels Attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

The Moment fraught with Fate approaches fast!
While thronging Sailors climb each quivering mast;
The Ship no longer now must stem the Land,
And, *hard a starboard!* is the last command:
While every suppliant voice to Heaven applies,
The Prow, swift wheeling, to the westward flies;
Twelve Sailors, on the Foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the Top ascend,
Fatal Retreat! for, while the plunging Prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,

Down prest by watery weight the Bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends:
Beneath her Bow the floating ruins lie;
The Foremast totters, unsustained on high;
And now the Ship, forelifted by the Sea,
Hurls the tall Fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful Stay
Drags the Main topmast by the Cap away:
Flung from the Mast, the Seamen strive in vain,
Through hostile floods, their Vessel to regain;
Weak Hope, alas! they buffet long the wave,
And grasp at Life though sinking in the Grave;
Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,
O'erpowered they yield to cruel Fate at length;
The burying Waters close around their head;
They sink! for ever numbered with the dead.

Those who remain the weather Shrouds embrace,
Nor longer mourn their lost Companions' case;
Transfixt with terror at th' approaching doom,
Self-pity in their breasts alone has room:
ALBERT, and RODMOND, and PALEMON, near
With young ARION, on the Mast appear;

E'en they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess,
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every bosom mortal terror feels;
Begirt with all the horrors of the Main
They viewed th' adjacent Shore, but viewed in vain:
Such torments in the drear abodes of Hell,
Where sad Despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
That sees remote the mansions of the Blest.

It comes! the dire Catastrophe draws near,
Lashed furious on by Destiny severe:
The Ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, Rocks rise, and Breakers roar beneath!
O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above!
This last tremendous shock of Fate to prove;
The tottering frame of Reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total havoc whirl my Brain:
Since I, all trembling in extreme distress,
Must still the horrible result express.

In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with Philosophic lore;

In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath
To smile serene amid the pangs of death:
Immortal ZENO's self would trembling see
Inexorable Fate beneath the lee;
And EPICTETUS at the sight, in vain
Attempt his stoic firmness to retain;
Had SOCRATES, for god-like virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed,
Spectator of such various horrors been,
E'en he had staggered at this dreadful Scene.

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For every Wave now smites the quivering yard;
High o'er the Ship they throw a dreadful shade,
Then on her burst in terrible cascade;
Across the foundered Deck o'erwhelming roar,
And foaming, swelling, bound upon the Shore.
Swift up the mounting Billow now she flies,
Her shattered top half-buried in the skies;
Borne o'er a latent reef the Hull impends,
Then thundering on the marble Crags descends:
Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels,
And o'er upheaving Surges wounded reels—

Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting Vessel on the Rock—
Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
The fated Victims shuddering cast their eyes
In wild Despair; while yet another stroke
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah Heaven!—behold her crashing ribs divide!
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the Tide.

Oh, were it mine with sacred MARO's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him, the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress;
Then, too severely taught by cruel Fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivalled Strains, deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a Leeward Shore.

As o'er the surf the bending Mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty Seamen clung:
Some on a broken Crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming Billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their Fate to wage;

Till all benumbed, and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to Shades below:
Some, from the Main Yard-Arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan:
Three with PALEMON on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on Oars and Rafts descend;
Now on the Mountain-Wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving Tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling Breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach—a lifeless Crew!

Next, O unhappy Chief! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb:
What Scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying Crew!
Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood
O'erspread with corses, red with human blood!
So pierced with anguish hoary PRIAM gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed;
While he, severest sorrow doomed to feel,
Expired beneath the Victor's murdering steel—

N. Pocock pinxit. J. Fittler A.R.A. sculpsit.

THE WRECK.

London, Published by William Miller, Albemarle Street, January 181

Thus with his helpless Partners to the last,
Sad refuge! ALBERT grasps the floating mast.
His Soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong Nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain:
His faithful Wife, for ever doomed to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return,
To black Adversity's approach exposed,
With want, and hardships unforeseen enclosed;
His lovely Daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these Reflections rack his feeling mind,
RODMOND, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretched arms the Master's legs enfold:
Sad ALBERT feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear,
For Death bids every clinching joint adhere:

All faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, *Oh protect my Wife and Child!* he cries—
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinished sound,
He gasps! and sinks amid the vast profound.
Five only left of all the shipwrecked throng
Yet ride the Mast which shoreward drives along;
With these ARION still his hold secures,
And all assaults of hostile waves endures:
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor PALEMON yet survives—
" Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
" Didst thou, incautious! from the Wreck depart?
" Alas! these Rocks all human skill defy;
" Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die:
" And now sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
" On these, or in some oozy Cavern lost:"
Thus thought ARION; anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more PALEMON found—
The Demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal Shafts commissioned fly:
When now a breaking Surge, with forceful sway,
Two, next ARION, furious tears away;

Hurled on the Crags, behold they gasp, they bleed!
And groaning, cling upon th' elusive Weed;
Another Billow bursts in boundless roar;
Arion sinks; and Memory views no more.

Ha! total Night and Horror here preside,
My stunned ear tingles to the whizzing Tide;
It is their funeral knell! and gliding near
Methinks the Phantoms of the dead appear;
But lo! emerging from the watery grave
Again they float incumbent on the wave,
Again the dismal Prospect opens round,—
The wreck, the shore, the dying and the drown'd!
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two, who scramble on th' adjacent Rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelmed! and never rise again.

Two with Arion yet the Mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reached the Shore;
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze
With Horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And Life's faint embers now rekindling glow;

Awhile they wait th' exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet—
O Heaven! delivered by whose sovereign hand
Still on destruction's brink they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid Incense they bestow,
That, damp with Death, appears not yet to glow;
To THEE each Soul the warm oblation pays
With trembling ardour of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And Hope the sickened spark of life revives,
Her magic powers their exiled health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

Roused by the blustering Tempest of the night,
A Troop of Grecians mount COLONNA's height;
When, gazing down with horror on the Flood,
Full to their view the Scene of Ruin stood—
The Surf with mangled bodies strewed around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-washed ground:
Though lost to Science and the nobler Arts,
Yet Nature's lore informed their feeling hearts;
Strait down the Vale with hastening steps they hied,
Th' unhappy sufferers to assist, and guide.

Meanwhile, those three escaped beneath explore
The first advent'rous Youth who reached the shore:
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly Beach he lay—
It is PALEMON! oh, what tumults roll
With Hope and Terror in ARION's soul;
" *If yet unhurt he lives again to view*
" *His Friend, and this sole remnant of our Crew,*
" *With us to travel through this foreign Zone,*
" *And share the future good or ill unknown?*"
ARION thus; but ah, sad doom of Fate!
That bleeding MEMORY sorrows to relate;
While yet afloat, on some resisting Rock
His ribs were dashed, and fractured with the shock:
Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade;
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogged the golden tresses of his head:
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems arrayed,
Thy image, lovely ANNA! hung pourtrayed;

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SAR

Th' unconscious figure, smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen:
Hadst thou, soft Maiden! in this hour of woe
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony, thine exquisite distress?
But thou, alas! art doomed to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again.
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gazed,
And cautiously the wounded Youth upraised;
Palemon then, with equal pangs opprest,
In faltering accents thus his Friend addrest:
"O rescued from Destruction late so nigh,
" Beneath whose fatal influence doomed I lie;
" Are we then, exiled to this last retreat
" Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
" Ah! how unlike what yester-morn enjoyed,
" Enchanting Hopes! for ever now destroyed;
" For wounded, far beyond all healing power,
" Palemon dies, and this his final hour:
" By those fell Breakers, where in vain I strove,
" At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!

" Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
" That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold Night—
" Ah! wretched FATHER of a wretched Son,
" Whom thy paternal prudence has undone;
" How will remembrance of this blinded care
" Bend down thy head with anguish, and despair!
" Such dire effects from Avarice arise,
" That, deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
" With force severe endeavours to control
" The noblest Passions that inspire the Soul.
" But, O THOU SACRED POWER! whose law connects
" Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
" Let not thy chastening Ministers of rage
" Afflict with sharp Remorse his feeble Age:
" And you, ARION! who with these the last
" Of all our Crew survive the SHIPWRECK past—
" Ah! cease to mourn, those friendly tears restrain,
" Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
" Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,
" When parted hence, to ENGLAND's distant Shore;
" Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of Fate,
" To him the Tragic Story first relate;

" Oh! friendship's generous ardour then suppress,
" Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
" Nor let each horrid incident sustain
" The lengthened Tale to aggravate his pain:
" Ah! then remember well my last request
" For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
" Yet let him prove a Father and a Friend,
" The helpless Maid to succour and defend—
" Say, I this Suit implored with parting breath,
" So HEAVEN befriend him at his hour of Death!
" But, oh! to lovely ANNA shouldst thou tell
" What dire untimely end thy Friend befel;
" Draw o'er the dismal scene soft Pity's veil,
" And lightly touch the lamentable Tale:
" Say that my love, inviolably true,
" No change, no diminution ever knew;
" Lo! her bright image pendent on my neck
" Is all PALEMON rescued from the wreck;
" Take it! and say, when panting in the wave
" I struggled life and this alone to save.

" My Soul, that fluttering hastens to be free,
" Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,

" But strives in vain; the chilling ice of Death
" Congeals my blood, and choaks the stream of breath;
" Resigned, she quits her comfortless abode
" To course that long, unknown, eternal road—
" O sacred Source of ever-living Light!
" Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight;
" Direct her onward to that peaceful Shore,
" Where Peril, Pain, and Death, prevail no more.

" When thou some Tale of hapless love shalt hear,
" That steals from Pity's eye the melting tear;
" Of two chaste Hearts, by mutual passion joined,
" To Absence, Sorrow, and Despair consigned;
" Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe
" That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
" While Memory dictates, this sad Shipwreck tell,
" And what distress thy wretched Friend befell:
" Then, while in streams of soft Compassion drown'd,
" The Swains lament, and Maidens weep around;
" While lisping Children, touched with infant fear,
" With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious tear;
" Oh! then this Moral bid their Souls retain,
" All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain!"

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And Shades eternal sink upon his eyes.
As thus defaced in death PALEMON lay,
ARION gazed upon the lifeless clay;
Transfixed he stood, with awful terror filled,
While down his cheek the silent drops distilled:
" O ill-starred Votary of unspotted Truth!
" Untimely perished in the bloom of youth;
" Should e'er thy Friend arrive on ALBION's land,
" He will obey, though painful, thy command;
" His tongue the dreadful Story shall display,
" And all the horrors of this dismal day:
" Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred,
" What anguish to the living and the dead!
" How hast thou left the Widow all forlorn;
" And ever doomed the orphan Child to mourn,
" Through Life's sad journey hopeless to complain:
" Can sacred Justice these events ordain?
" But, O my Soul! avoid that wondrous maze
" Where Reason, lost in endless error, strays;

" As through this thorny Vale of life we run,
" Great CAUSE of all Effects, THY WILL BE DONE!"

Now had the Grecians on the beach arrived,
To aid the helpless few who yet survived:
While passing, they behold the waves o'erspread
With shattered rafts and corses of the dead;
Three still alive, benumbed and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclined:
The generous Natives, moved with social pain,
The feeble Strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal Shore.

...k pinx^t. J. Fittler sculp^t.

Published by Wm Miller, Albemarle Street, Jany 1811.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY,

IN WHICH THE PRECEDING NARRATIVE IS CONCLUDED.

The Scene of Death is closed! the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying languor on the ear;
Yet Pity weeps, yet Sympathy complains,
And dumb Suspense awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear:

But the sad Muses with prophetic eye
At once the future and the past explore;
Their harps Oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the Spirit to th' eternal shore—

Then, O Palemon! if thy Shade can hear
The voice of Friendship still lament thy doom,
Yet to the sad Oblations bend thine ear,
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy Tomb:

From young Arion first the news received
  With terror, pale unhappy Anna read;
With inconsolable distress she grieved,
  And from her cheek the rose of beauty fled;

In vain, alas! the gentle Virgin wept,
  Corrosive Anguish nipt her vital bloom;
O'er her soft frame diseases sternly crept,
  And gave the lovely Victim to the Tomb:

A longer date of woe, the widowed Wife
  Her lamentable lot afflicted bore;
Yet both were rescued from the chains of life
  Before Arion reached his Native Shore!

The Father unrelenting Phrenzy stung,
  Untaught in Virtue's school Distress to bear;
Severe Remorse his tortured bosom wrung,
  He languished, groaned, and perished in Despair.

Ye lost Companions of distress, adieu!
  Your Toils, and Pains, and Dangers are no more;
The Tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
  While Ocean smites in vain the trembling Shore;

On you the Blast, surcharged with rain and snow,
In Winter's dismal nights no more shall beat;
Unfelt by you the vertic Sun may glow,
And scorch the panting Earth with baneful heat:

No more the joyful Maid, with sprightly strain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
Nor hopeless Love impart undying pain,
When far from Scenes of social joy you roam;

No more on yon wide watery Waste you stray,
While Hunger and Disease your life consume,
While parching Thirst, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of Health to bloom;

No more you feel CONTAGION'S mortal breath
That taints the Realms with misery severe,
No more behold pale FAMINE, scattering death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year:

The thundering Drum, the Trumpet's swelling strain
Unheard, shall form the long embattled Line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the Main
Shall tremble, when the hostile Squadrons join:

Since Grief, Fatigue, and Hazards still molest
  The wandering Vassals of the faithless Deep;
Oh! happier now escaped to endless rest,
  Than we who still survive to wake, and weep:

What though no funeral pomp, no borrowed tear,
  Your hour of Death to gazing crowds shall tell;
Nor weeping Friends attend your sable bier,
  Who sadly listen to the passing bell;

The tutor'd Sigh, the vain parade of woe,
  No real anguish to the Soul impart;
And oft, alas! the Tear that Friends bestow,
  Belies the latent feelings of the Heart:

What though no sculptured Pile your name displays,
  Like those who perish in their Country's cause;
What though no Epic Muse in living lays
  Records your dreadful Daring with applause,—

Full oft the flattering Marble bids Renown
  With blazoned trophies deck the spotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
  The Slaves of Vice with never-dying fame.—

Yet shall Remembrance from Oblivion's veil
Relieve your Scene, and sigh with grief sincere;
And soft Compassion at your tragic Tale
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 1, line 3. *While Albion bids, &c.*

In the third edition, the beauty of the third, and fourth line, has been greatly injured:

> " While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
> Along his trembling wave from pole to pole."

The WAVE OF OCEAN cannot be said to tremble: all editions subsequent to the third, render this alteration still more improper by reading *trembling Waves.*

PAGE ibid. l. 12. *Than ever trembled from the vocal string.*

In the third edition, the following unequal lines were introduced after the above passage:

> " No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,
> Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain;
> But o'er the Scene while pale remembrance weeps
> *Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps."*

PAGE ibid. l. 13. *A Scene from dumb Oblivion to restore.*

In this passage, as in some others, the third edition claims a preference. In the *second,* the lines ran thus:

> " To paint a Scene yet strange to epic lore,
> Whose desart soil no laurel ever bore."

PAGE 2. l. 3. *Immortal train*, &c.

This passage is also improved in the third edition; it previously had been thus expressed:

> " Ye all recording Nine! whose sacred strains
> With sweet enchantment charm Elysian plains;
> Whose golden Trumpets, fraught with endless fame,
> Arts, arms, and heroes to all space proclaim."

The two succeeding lines are very beautiful, though omitted in the third edition: I have ventured to restore them, with many others of similar merit—

> " Or in lamenting Elegies express
> The varied pang of exquisite Distress."

PAGE ibid. l. 13. *Or listen to the enchanting voice of love.*

The whole of the beautiful passage from " *If e'er with trembling Hope*," to " *Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring Wave*," was added in the third edition: but an error, either of the press, or of the author, is evident in the above line, as it is generally printed. . .

> " Or listen, *while* the enchanting voice of love."

Mr. Bowles suggested the reading which I have followed: Mr. Pocock, to whose Taste I am greatly indebted, rather prefers " *Or listened*—"

PAGE ibid. l. 15.

The solemn cadence, the impressive tones, and the judicious contrast of imagery, " *If e'er with trembling Hope*," &c. and " *Oh! by the hollow Blast that moans around*," are peculiarly calculated to awake attention, and are conceived in

the genuine spirit of poetic taste. There are indeed a few verbal inaccuracies in this Introduction; such as—" *The Trumpet's breath bids ruin smile,*" which perhaps would have been better expressed, " *The Trumpet's breath bids Havoc on:*" but the whole is finely worked up; and, like a Grand Overture, prepares the mind of the reader for what follows. W. L. B.

This remark of my Friend is so just, that, in consequence of it, I was induced to print the Introduction by itself, in order to render its effect more striking. It hitherto has been printed with the Narrative, or only separated by a line; and consequently has lost much of its exquisite beauty.

PAGE 2. l. 16. *That sweeps the wild Harp with a plaintive sound.*

The Æolian Harp; see Thomson (*Castle of Indolence*, 40, 41). This thought, so beautifully expressed, seems not only suggested by the *Æolian Harp*, but by the hollow sound of a Southerly Wind; the dread of Seamen in many climates, especially in the British Channel, as it is always attended with rain, and great obscurity, which increases with the storm, and renders the Coast of Ireland, England, and South Wales, a dangerous lee-shore. On Land, the peasants call it an *high Wind*, i. e. one that sounds *hollow* and *high.* Seamen know its knell; and a shift of wind may be expected to follow from the west, or N.W., which blows low, being a counter current of air, furious in the extreme; and this causes the hollow sound before the gale is felt. N. P.

The learned reader may wish to be reminded of a curious passage in *Hoffman's Lexicon Universale*, published upwards of 150 years ago, relative to the Æolian Harp; it is cited in the Gentleman's Magazine, (Vol. XXIV. p. 174,) and the following lines are added:

> " *Salve, quæ fingis proprio modulamine carmen,*
> *Salve, Memnoniam vox imitata lyram!*
> *Dulce, O! divinumque sonas sine pollicis ictu,*
> *Dives naturæ simplicis, artis inops!*
> *Talia, quæ incultæ dant mellea labra puellæ,*
> *Talia sunt faciles, quæ modulantur aves!*"

PAGE 3. l. 3 and 4. *Ah! will they leave,* &c.

An idea somewhat similar occurs in *Ariosto* (C. 46. stanza 17) on the subject of the piscatorial poesy of *Sannazaro*:

> " *Jacopo Sannazar che alle Camene*
> *Lasciar fa i monti ed abitar le arene.*" F. D.

PAGE ibid. l. 14. *A Ship-Boy on the high and giddy mast!*

The passage in Shakspeare's *Henry the Fourth*, act the third, whence this line is taken, is always deeply impressed on a Seaman's mind:

> " Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy Mast,
> Seal up the Ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
> In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
> And in the visitation of the Winds,
> Who take the ruffian billows by the top
> Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
> With deaf'ning clamours in the slip'ry shrouds,
> That with the Hurly, DEATH itself awakes?

Canst thou, O partial SLEEP! give thy repose
To the wet Sea-Boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and the stillest Night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? then happy low! lie down;
Uneasy lies the head, that wears a Crown."

PAGE 4. l. 12. *Till o'er her Crew distress and death prevail.*

In the eleven lines that succeed, I have followed the second edition: in the *third*, the Author very inadvertently introduced the following—

"Where'er he wandered, thus vindictive Fate
Pursued his weary steps with lasting hate:
Roused by her mandate, Storms of black array
Wintered the morn of life's advancing day;
Relaxed the sinews of the living Lyre,
And quenched the kindling spark of vital fire:
Thus while forgotten, or unknown, he wooes,
What hope to win the coy reluctant Muse?"

These lines strongly savour of Fatalism, and are unworthy of a British Mariner. The minds of our Mariners, I speak from experience, with very few exceptions, always display an high sense of Christianity, and a belief in an over-ruling Providence: a truth which I have endeavoured to support, throughout the whole of a publication, which the public has honoured with attention, entitled *Sermons on the* CHARACTER, *and professional Duties of Seamen.* When *Falconer* published the third edition, his temper was soured by disappointment; and, in this instance, he forgot the principles of a CHRISTIAN MARINER.

PAGE 5. l. 1. *And lo! the Power that wakes the eventful Song!*

I had preferred the following text, as given in the first and second editions; but, in deference to a Friend, whose Poetic Taste has been long approved, I followed the third edition: although the repetition of *Light*, as a rhime, in the fourth, and thirteenth line, has certainly a bad effect. As *Mr. Bowles* also observes, " the epithet *propitious* is too tame, it should have been *instant light*." The passage stood thus originally—

" Thee MEMORY! too, the tragic Tale implores,
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasured stores!"—
" She comes confest, auspicious to the sight,
O'er all my Soul diffusing sacred light,
Serenely mild her look; around her head
Refulgent wreaths of azure glory spread.
Her radiant wings like IRIS' flaming bow,
With various hues in rich profusion glow;
With these, along th' immensity of space,
She scours the rapid, intellectual race;" &c.

PAGE ibid. l. 18. *And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives.*

The classic ideas of our unfortunate Mariner in many instances resemble those of the Italian Poets: thus *Tasso*, when speaking of Memory, exclaims (C. 1. st. 36)

" *Mente degli anni e dell' oblio nemica,*
Delle cose custode, e dispensiera." F. D.

PAGE 6. l. 9. *Full on my Soul the dreadful Scene display.*

This, and the following line, were unaccountably omitted in the third edition.

PAGE 9. l. 1, 2. *A Ship from* EGYPT, *o'er the deep impell'd*
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held.

FALCONER begins his Narrative with all the simplicity of the great masters, and seems to have had in view the opening of the Æneid:

. . . . Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora:

I have followed in the first four lines, the third edition; in the *second* it was thus expressed:

"A Ship from EGYPT, o'er the watery plain
Designed her Course to ADRIA's rich domain;
From fair BRITANNIA's Isle derived her name,
And thence her Crew, the Slaves of Fortune, came."

I was not fond of styling Seamen "the Slaves of Fortune!"

PAGE 10. l. 11. *Thrice had the Sun, &c.*

How admirably, yet naturally, is the whole of what follows in this and the next page contrived, towards engaging the attention of the reader, and leading it gradually on to the great event of the poem! I have in part preferred the text of the second edition.

PAGE ibid. l. 15, 16. *. . . . . from Shore to Shore*
Unwearying wafted her commercial store.

The British Merchantmen, at the time this Poem was written, and for a considerable time afterwards, remained trading from Port to Port in the *Levant*, and *Mediterranean*,

until ordered for England; when they generally loaded with silks at *Leghorn*.

The length of time to which these Voyages were extended, probably arose from the respect paid to the British flag, and the Mediterranean pass. Any British ship, though worn and crazy, sold for a considerable sum to the Genoese, or other neighbouring states, if the pass could also accompany the ship: this Traffic at last caused some complaints, and is now impracticable. The pass must be returned to the Lords of the Admiralty.

Mr. Eton, in his *Survey of the Turkish Empire*, treats at large, On the state of the British Trade to the Levant (page 448, 3d edit.) and assigns four causes for its gradual decline. 1. The rivalship of other European nations. 2. The diminution of the consumption of our Manufactures in Turkey, by the impoverished state of the country. 3. Some branches of Trade being got into other channels. 4. The monopoly of the Levant Company in London.

PAGE 12. l. 1. CANDIA:
The Haven enter, &c.

The Harbour of CANDIA, though naturally a fine basin, in which Ships were securely sheltered from every wind, is described by *Tournefort*, in 1718, as capable of receiving nothing but boats. Ships of burden keep under the isle of *Dia*, or *Standia*, to the N. E. of Candia; and consequently that was the anchorage to which *Falconer* alludes. All merchant vessels freighted by the Turks at Candia are obliged to sail almost empty to the ports of *Dia*, whither their cargoes are conveyed in boats. The French merchants

have in consequence taken up their residence at *Canea*; but even there the harbour will only receive ships of 200 tons burden, and its mouth is exposed to all the violence of the north winds: its bottom, however, is good, except to the west of the town, where there are several rocks under water extremely dangerous. The harbour of *Canea* might be enlarged so as to admit the largest frigates. The chief revenue of *Canea* consists in olive-oil. According to Tournefort, the island of Candia in the year 1699, yielded 300,000 measures of oil, which the French merchants purchased, on account of the failure of oils in *Provence*.

PAGE 12. l. 4. *Mark the fell track of desolating War.*

The revolutions of this celebrated Island may thus be briefly given. It received the name of *Candia* from the *Saracens* about the year 808, when they subdued it, after being repulsed in their attempts on the islands of *Sardinia* and *Corsica* by the maritime Counts whom Charlemagne appointed, under the title of *Comites ad custodiendam Oram Maritimam deputati*. This island was afterwards annexed to the Greek empire, either under *Romanus the first* in 961, or, as others think, under *Nicephorus Phocas* in 964. When the Emperor *Alexis* was murdered, and *Baldwin* was crowned, CANDIA passed, in 1204, from *Boniface, Marquis of Montserrat*, to the *Venetians*, who had assisted in that great revolution; and from them it came to the Turks after the memorable war which lasted nearly thirty years: the siege commenced in 1646, and on the 4th of October 1670 the Grand Vizier entered CANDIA; which answers to what Falconer afterwards says (page 25, l. 18.)

"Where late thrice fifty thousand Warriors bled:
Full twice twelve summers were yon towers assailed."

The *Venetians* however retained three Fortresses a considerable time afterwards—*Sudæ*, *Grabusa*, and *Spina-Longæa*. English merchant vessels resorted to CANDIA about the year 1522; since (according to Rymer's Fœdera, Vol. XIII. page 766) we find that Henry VIII. then appointed *Censio de Balhazari* (resident on the island) *for life, Governor, Master, Protector, or Consul of the English Nation there.*

PAGE 12. l. 13. *Ah! who the flight of Ages can revoke?*

This idea is more forcibly expressed by *Falconer* than even by *Metastasio*:

"*L'età che viene e fugge*
E non ritorna più." F. D.

PAGE 13. l. 3, 4. *These eyes have seen the dull reluctant Soil*
A seventh year mock the weary labourer's toil.

So correct is *Falconer* in this description of the state of CANDIA, that it almost is word for word, what *M. Olivier* of the National Institute has lately published: "Far from the rod of the Turks, and under the shield of their privileges, the Greeks of the Islands of the ARCHIPELAGO, assured of being able to enjoy, to a certain degree, the fruit of their labours, in general cultivate their fields, or apply themselves to some industry with sufficient ardour and intelligence. But in CRETE, exposed incessantly to see their crops taken away from them by the Aga; to be stripped of their property by the Pacha; to be insulted, cudgelled, and robbed by every Janizary; the cultivators are never inclined to

snatch from the earth, by an increase of labour, a produce which they would see pass into the hands of those whom they have so much reason to hate.

"The fields which they cultivate, planted by their ancestors when a civilized, industrious, and trading people (the Venetians) governed the Island, and favoured Agriculture; are running to waste from day to day: the Olive Tree perishes; the Vine disappears; the soil is washed away by the rains; yet these unfortunate Greeks, disheartened as they are, think not of repairing the damages which time is incessantly occasioning them. There is nothing but the pressing want of living and of paying the Taxes, that can induce them to gather their Olives, sow their Lands, and give their attention to a few Bees." *Travels in the Ottoman Empire* (Vol. II. page 242.)

PAGE 12.

This intermixture of historical reflection is very judicious, as it relieves the uniformity of the subject: it was the result of *Falconer's* natural feelings, but it exhibits the master-hand of the Poet's Discernment. W. L. B.

PAGE 13. l. 15. .... *the Sun*
Through the bright Virgin, and the Scales, had run.

VIRGO is that Constellation of the Zodiac which the Sun enters about the 21st or 22d of August. LIBRA, the *Balance*, or *Scales*, was so named, because when the Sun arrives at this Constellation, which is the time of the autumnal equinox, the days and nights are equal, as if weighed in a balance. Falconer with great judgment places the Sun in

Scorpio; which it is conjectured was so named, since, when the Sun arrives at this Constellation, the heavy Gales, Storms, and various Maladies of Autumn commence. The Poet accordingly mentions *the sickening Vapours*, and *approaching Storms*, which then prevailed.

PAGE 14. l. 6. *A Captive fettered to the oar of gain.*

Falconer here appears to have confused his characters: nor could I by any reference to preceding editions correct it. Albert is throughout the poem styled the Master of the ship, and, in the very next page, is represented as

> ....the Father of his Crew,
> Brave, liberal, just!

Our Author therefore must here have alluded to what passed in the sordid mind of Palemon's Father, whom he should have more correctly styled the *Owner* of the Ship. The third edition varies from the text of the second, which I have followed, yet does not in the least remove the difficulty, but, on the contrary, rather augments it:

> "True to his trust, when sacred honour calls,
> No brooding storm the Master's soul appals:
> Th' advancing season warns him to the main:
> A Captive, fettered to the oar of gain."

PAGE 14. l. 21. *This crowns the prosperous Villain with applause.*

Falconer throughout too much displays a mind that has been soured by adversity. If the prosperous Villain ever seems to be crowned with applause in this world, such applause is only deceitful and treacherous, like the Calm which

precedes a Storm. *Armstrong's* idea of the *magic power of Gold* was more correct:

> " Riches are oft by guilt or baseness earned,
> Or dealt by Chance to shield a lucky Knave,
> Or throw a cruel sunshine on a Fool."

PAGE 15. l. 3, 4.

In this instance, as in many others, *Falconer*, or some of his friends, weakened in the third edition, the beauty and correctness of the original, viz.

> " With slaughtered victims fills the weeping plain,
> And smooths the furrows of the treacherous Main."

A Plain, however *bloody*, cannot be said to *weep*; nor can *Gold*, however powerful, *smooth the furrows* of the Ocean.

PAGE 15. l. 10. *Aboard, confest the Father of his Crew.*

The third edition, in which many beautiful lines are added to the character of Albert, reads *Abroad!* which spoils the whole force of the sentence. There is also a considerable portion of single-heartedness attached to the word Aboard, which, perhaps, few except Seamen will duly appreciate; it shewed that Albert was the same man on shore, and when walking his quarter-deck.

PAGE ibid. l. 13. *Him Science taught—*

The Character, and general information of the Captains, or Masters of our merchantmen, are not sufficiently known: what Falconer here says of Albert, is a true portrait of the majority of them. I need not look far among this class of men to find the counterpart of Albert.

PAGE 16. l. 17, 18. *Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal Sands,*
They claim the danger, proud of skilful bands.

In the Coal Trade, the course of the numerous Vessels to London, lying chiefly through difficult and dangerous passages between the Sands, our Seamen, who are employed in that valuable Nursery, are trained from the early age of nine or ten years, to heave the Lead, and to take the Helm; and hence their superiority in those respects over Seamen who have only been on foreign Voyages. It was in this School that the Circumnavigator COOKE was formed. N. P.

PAGE 16. l. 21. *O'er Bar, and Shelve.*

A BAR is known, in Hydrography, to be a mass of earth, or sand, that has been collected, by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a River, or Haven, so as to render navigation difficult, and often dangerous. A SHELF, or SHELVE, so called from the Saxon *Schylf*, is a name given to any dangerous shallows, sand-banks, or rocks, lying immediately under the surface of the water. FALCONER.

PAGE 17. l. 16. *While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword.*

Soon after Falconer wrote, this grievance was considerably redressed: in the year 1775, and during the month of April, *John Parry*, a person of fortune, was executed at *Shrewsbury*, for having in 1773 plundered the wreck of the Ship called Charming Nancy on the coast of *Anglesea*. Another person of the name of *Roberts* was also found guilty at the same time for the like offence: they moved an arrest

of judgment, and their case was referred to the Judges, who decided against them: both received sentence at the *Salop* Assizes.—Even a few months since, some inhabitants of *Whitstable* in Kent were brought up to London on information that great quantities of Goods had been found in their possession, saved from Vessels recently wrecked: yet so common was this practice, and so universal was it become in the first Commercial Country in the world, that these very people were much surprised, when informed they had no right to the goods. N. P.

To the above note, I wish to add some beautiful lines that were written by Mr. Bowles at Bamborough Castle. This very ancient castle, as he informs us, (which had been the property of the family of the FORSTERS, whose heiress married Lord CREWE, Bishop of Durham,) is now appropriated by the will of that pious Prelate, among other benevolent purposes, to the noble one of ministering instant relief to such shipwrecked Mariners as may happen to be cast on that dangerous coast; for whose preservation, and that of their Vessels, every possible assistance is contrived, and is at all times ready. The whole Estate is vested in the hands of Trustees, one of whom, *Dr. Sharp*, Archdeacon of Northumberland, with an active zeal, well suited to the nature of the humane institution, makes this Castle his chief residence, attending with unwearied diligence to the proper application of the charity.

" Ye holy Tow'rs that shade the wave-worn Steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
Assail you, and the winter Whirlwind's sweep!

For far from blazing Grandeur's crowded halls,
Here Charity hath fix'd her chosen seat,
Oft listening tearful when the wild winds beat,
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of Midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tow'r,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
Blest if her aid some fainting Wretch might save,
And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave."

PAGE 18. l. 11. *But what avails it to record a Name.*

How very beautiful and affecting is this natural Transition! W. L. B.

PAGE ibid. l. 21, 22.

Most exquisitely touched! *Forlorn of heart—condemned reluctant to the faithless Sea—long farewell*—and *laurel grove:* Every epithet has its full force. W. L. B.

PAGE 20. l. 1. *These, chief among the Ship's conducting train—*

Conducting train is not an happy expression, but I have preferred this line as it stood in the *second* edition, to what was deemed an improvement in the *third:*

"Such were the Pilots; tutored to divine
Th' untravelled Course by geometric line."

The Mates of a Merchant Vessel cannot be styled her Pilots; and it is an error which Falconer, otherwise so correct, too often makes: there was therefore no occasion to augment instances of it.

PAGE 20. l. 21, 22.

Though tremblingly alive to Nature's Laws,
Yet ever firm to Honour's sacred cause.

After these lines, the following succeed in the second edition:

" Thrice happy soil! had Learning's vital ray
Produced its pregnant blossoms to the day:
But all th' abortive beauties of his mind
A sordid Father's avarice confin'd,
And nursed alone the mercenary art
That kills the springing roses of the heart—
But he indignant saw the golden chain
In servile bonds each generous thought restrain:
His virtue still appeared, though wrapt in shade,
As Stars with trembling light the clouds pervade."

PAGE 24. l. 9. *Recalled to memory by th' adjacent shore.*

This line is most happily introduced; at once recalling the mind to the situation of the Ship, and artfully preparing the reader for the episode of *Palemon's* history.—W. L. B.

PAGE ibid. l. 20. *A sullen languor still the skies opprest.*

How clearly is every circumstance set before us in this description! W. L. B.

PAGE 25. l. 7. *On deck, beneath the shading canvass spread,*
Rodmond a rueful Tale of wonders read.

The character of Rodmond is here admirably preserved. It can never be sufficiently lamented that the crews of our

Ships are not supplied with cheap editions of such books as Robinson Crusoe, Sindbad's Narrative, Roderic Random, and some of the most interesting Voyages: the perusal of such works would often tend to allay the ferment of an irritated and harassed mind. So persuaded was I, from experience, of the beneficial effect likely to result from an adoption of this idea, that I mentioned it to Lord Spencer when he presided at the Board: by whom it was approved.

A passage occurs in Mickle's Translation of *Camoens' Lusiadas*, which resembles the above description by Falconer. (Ed. 8vo. Vol. II. p. 103.)

" The weary Fleet before the gentle Gale
With joyful Hope displayed the steady Sail;
Thro' the smooth Deep they ploughed the lengthening way:
Beneath the Wave the purple car of Day
To sable Night the eastern sky resign'd,
And o'er the Decks cold breathed the midnight wind.
All but the Watch in warm Pavilions slept,
The second Watch the wonted Vigils kept;
Supine their limbs, the Mast supports the head,
And the broad yard-sail o'er their shoulders spread
A grateful cover from the chilly Gale,
And Sleep's soft dews their heavy eyes assail:
Languid, against the languid power they strive,
And sweet discourse preserves their thoughts alive:
When LEONARDO, whose enamoured thought
In every dream the plighted Fair-one sought,
The dews of sleep what better to remove
Than the soft, woeful, pleasing Tales of Love?
Ill-timed, alas! the brave VELOSO cries,
The Tales of Love that melt the heart and eyes;
The dear enchantments of the Fair I know,
The fearful Transport, and the rapturous Woe:

But with our state ill suits the Grief, or Joy,
Let War, let gallant War our thoughts employ!
With dangers threatened, let the Tale inspire
The scorn of danger, and the Hero's fire—
His Mates with joy the brave VELOSO hear,
And on the Youth the Speaker's toil confer:
The brave VELOSO takes the word with joy,
And truth, he cries, shall these slow hours decoy—
The warlike Tale adorns our Nation's fame;
The TWELVE OF ENGLAND give the noble theme."

PAGE 32. l. 6, 7. *The Vessel parted on the falling Tide,*
Yet time one sacred hour to Love supplied.

The Ship, which was lying at her moorings in the river Thames, is said to part, on her quitting them.

The *falling tide*, or Tide of Ebb, is thus described by Dr. Hutton:—" The Sea is observed to flow for about six hours, from south towards north; the Sea gradually swelling; so that, entering the mouths of Rivers, it drives back the river-waters towards their heads, or springs. After a continual flux of six hours, the Sea seems to rest for about a quarter of an hour; after which it begins to ebb, or retire back again, from north to south, for six hours more; in which time, the water sinking, the rivers resume their natural course. Then, after a seeming pause of a quarter of an hour, the Sea again begins to flow as before: and so on alternately."

PAGE ibid. l. 16.

The lines that follow are exquisitely conceived: but they were also beautiful, though inferior, in the second edition:

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW... ...JORE

" O all ye soft perceptions, that impart
Impetuous rapture to the fainting heart;
In life's last gloom who bid the enchanting ray
Of joy, voluptuous agonies convey!"

PAGE 36. l. 8. *So melts the surface of the frozen stream.*

I am in doubt whether this idea was not better expressed in the second edition:

" So feels the frozen Stream at noon of day
Awhile the parting Sun's enervate ray."

PAGE 36. l. 17. *And from her cheek beguiled the falling tear.*

It is singular that Johnson should not have more strongly marked in his excellent Dictionary, this sense of the verb beguile:—thus Shakspeare in *Othello*:

" And often did beguile me of my tears."

This idea was not so elegantly worded in the second edition; but the following lines were added, which ought not afterwards to have been omitted:

" So the reviving Sun exhales the showers
That fall alternate on th' evolving flowers."

The whole of *Palemon's* interesting history was considerably embellished, and enlarged, in the third edition. In the second, *Palemon*, accompanied by his sordid Father, joins the Ship at Dover; and Anna and her Mother, who both came on board whilst the vessel remained in the river to take leave of *Albert*, are thus introduced:

" Fast by that Dome, where from afflicting fate
The Veteran Sailor finds a safe retreat,
The Boat prepares to waft them to the shore;
They part, alas! perhaps to meet no more:
O Muse! in silence hide the mournful scene!
Where all the pangs of sympathy convene."

What a loss has this asylum experienced by the recent death of its Treasurer!

PAGE 37. l. 18. *Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.*

The four lines that follow are not in the third edition, where they have been omitted to make room for a simile; of which *Falconer* was too fond:

" The hapless Bird, thus, ravished from the skies,
Where all forlorn his loved companion flies,
In secret long bewails his cruel fate,
With fond remembrance of his winged Mate;
Till grown familiar with a foreign Train,
Composed at length, his sadly-warbling strain
In sweet Oblivion charms the sense of pain."

This simile, as *Mr. Bowles* observes, is new, pathetic, and poetical; but yet, its application to *Palemon* is totally false, since *he never grew familiar with a foreign train:* with him,

" Hope fed the wound, and Absence knew no cure."

PAGE 38. l. 2. *Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls.*

Our Poet here employs an improper epithet to mark the character of the *sacred stream of compassion;* and, instead of *impetuous*, might have rather used *unceasing*, or *untainted.*

PAGE 40. l. 13. *Deep Midnight now involves the livid skies.*

A passage that has wonderful accuracy and beauty. The Scene begins with description, picturesque and pleasing; then a general effect of the phantasms of sleep is spread over it; it then becomes more particular, and the mind is roused by the striking contrast—*All hands unmoor!* Nothing can exceed the manner in which this whole Scene is set before us: the weighing of the anchor, and the appearance of the Vessel as she glides secure along the *glassy plain.* W. L. B.

No one but a Seaman would have thought of the epithet *livid*, so expressive of the discoloured sky, of that deep black and blue which pervades its concavity at sea, previous to an easterly gale. The *waning Moon* was thus originally introduced:

> "The pale-orbed Moon, diffusing watery rays,
> Gleamed o'er protracted Clouds, and ambient Haze."

During the time that I passed at sea with my ever-lamented friend Admiral Payne, I was frequently induced by that superior taste for poetry which he possessed, to observe the variations of the sublime scenery with which we were surrounded. The view by moon-light at sea is strikingly beautiful; and the dimness of its *waning orb* renders the different parts of a Ship more grand and terrific. *Thomson* well described it (*Summer*, l. 1686)—

> "......................A faint erroneous Ray,
> Glanced from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
> Flings half an image on the straining eye."

I remember watching this effect in the Impetueux off Brest, when a ray of the Moon's feeble light played undulating from the Horizon to that part of the Deck on which I stood. A variety of gigantic meteors appeared to pass upon the waves. The Moon then seemed to struggle through a thick fleecy cloud, from which at length she rapidly emerged with fresh lustre, and gave a new character to the Scene. The *mid-watch* had just commenced; and the hoarse voice of the Boatswain's mates proclaimed the hour of night. The sound of the Ship's bell was long heard in sullen vibration; whilst the following passages from Hamlet came over my memory, and gave to the whole Scene an additional effect:

BERN. 'Tis now struck twelve! Get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRAN. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart.

MAR. What! has this thing appeared again to night?

BERN. I have seen nothing.

PAGE 41. l. 20—.

The WINDLASS is a large cylindrical piece of timber used in merchant ships to heave up the anchors; it is furnished with strong iron *Pauls* to prevent it from turning back by the efforts of the Cable, when charged with the weight of the Anchor, or strained by the violent jerking of the Ship in a tempestuous Sea. As the WINDLASS is heaved about in a vertical direction, it is evident that the effort of an equal number of men acting upon it will be much

more powerful than on the *Capstan*. It requires, however, some dexterity and address to manage the Handspec, or Lever, to the greatest advantage; and to perform this the Sailors must all rise at once upon the WINDLASS, and, fixing their bars therein, give a sudden jerk at the same instant; in which movement they are regulated by a sort of Song pronounced by one of the number. The most dexterous managers of the *Handspec* in heaving at the WINDLASS, are generally supposed to be the Colliers of *Northumberland*; and of all European Mariners, the *Dutch* are certainly the most awkward, and sluggish, in this manœuvre. FALCONER.

PAGE 42. l. 9. *Levant and Thracian Gales.*

Or, as in the third edition, " From East to North."

PAGE ibid. l. 14. ....*the stately Ship they tow.*

From the Saxon *teohan*. Towing is chiefly used, as in the present instance, when a Ship for want of wind is forced toward the shore by the swell of the Sea. FALCONER.

PAGE 43. l. 1—4. ....*tall* IDA's *height,*
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight;
North-east, a league, the Isle of STANDIA *bears,*
And westward, FRESCHIN's *woody Cape appears.*

The celebrated MOUNT IDA, which covers almost the middle of Candia, is thus described by *Tournefort*, (Vol. I. p. 41.) " Mount *Ida* is nothing but a huge overgrown, ugly, sharp-raised, bald-pated eminence; not the least shadow of a landscape, no delightful grotto, no bubbling spring,

nor purling rivulet to be seen. Begging *Dionysius Periegetes's* pardon, as likewise his Commentator's the Archbishop of *Thessalonica*, the praises they bestowed on this Mountain seem to be strained, or at least are now past their season. IDA, according to *Helladius*, as cited in the *Biblioth.* of *Photius*, was the common appellative of all Mountains from whence a great extent of country could be discovered: and if *Suidas* may be credited, all Forests that afford an agreeable prospect, were called *Ide*, from Ἰδεῖν, to *see*.—The Isle of *Standia*, or rather *Dia*, has been already mentioned in a previous note, as being situated N.E. of the Port of Candia; it lies at the distance of about four leagues, and contains three Harbours: the two easternmost are much esteemed.—Cape *Freschin*, or *Freschia*, is the easternmost of the two projecting points of land on the northern coast of CANDIA, and forms a mark for Ships coming to an anchor in the road."

PAGE 43. l. 9, 10.

Now swelling Stud-sails on each side extend,
Then Stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend.

1. *Stud*, or *studding-sails*, called by the French *Banettes en etui*, are light sails, which are extended in moderate breezes beyond the skirts of the principal Sails; where they appear as Wings upon the Yard-arms. According to a conjecture of one of Falconer's friends, these sails seem originally to have been called *steadying Sails*, from their tendency to keep the ship in a steady course, as also from the Saxon word *sted*, to assist. 2. *Stay-sail;* though the

form of Sails is so extremely different, they may all be divided into Sails which have either *three*, or *four* sides: a *Stay-sail* comes under the first class, and receives its name from a large strong rope on which it is hoisted, called a Stay; employed to support the Mast, by being extended from its upper end towards the fore part of the Ship, as the shrouds (a range of large ropes), are extended to the right and left of the Mast, and behind it. The Yards of a Ship are said to be square, when they hang across the Ship, at right angles with the mast; and *braced*, when they form greater or lesser angles with the Ship's length. FALCONER.

PAGE 43. l. 17. *The Pilots now their* AZIMUTH *attend.*

The magnetical *Azimuth*, a term which astronomers have borrowed from the Arabians, is clearly described by Johnson, as being the apparent distance of the Sun from the north or south point of the Compass; and this is discovered, by observing with an azimuth Compass, when the Sun is ten or fifteen degrees above the Horizon.

PAGE 44. l. 14. *White as the Clouds beneath the blaze of Noon.*

Before the art of coppering Ships' bottoms was discovered, they were painted white. The *Wales* are the strong flanks which extend along a Ship's side, at different heights, throughout her whole length, and form the curves by which a Vessel appears light and graceful on the water: they are usually distinguished into the main-wale, and the channel-wale. FALCONER.

PAGE 48. l. 9. *Deep blushing* ARMORS *all the Tops invest.*

In our largest Merchantmen, the *Tops*, or platforms, which surround the heads of the *lower* Mast, (for every Ship's mast, taken in its apparent length, consists of the *lower* mast, the *top*-mast, and *top-gallant* mast,) are fenced on the aft, or hinder side, by a Rail of about three feet high, stretching across, supported by stanchions; between which a netting is usually constructed, the outside of which was formerly covered with red baize, or canvass painted red, and was called the *Top Armor;* being a sort of blind against the enemy for the men who were there stationed. This name is now nearly lost, and the Netting is always covered with black canvass.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

SECOND CANTO.

PAGE 52. l. 19, 20.

Rodmond exulting felt th' auspicious Wind,
And by a mystic Charm its aim confin'd.

Falconer in these lines has preserved the existence of a very old custom among Seamen, particularly those of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden; which consisted in their binding a Rope, with several knots tied in it, around the Main-Mast: this they considered as an infallible Spell to secure the continuance of a favourable Wind. N. P.

PAGE 53. l. 2.

After this line, the third edition introduces eight lines, which, in the second, follow the eighth line of the eleventh page, in the present edition.

PAGE ibid. l. 5, 6.

. . . . they descry
A liquid Column towering shoot on high.

All that follows is truly grand, and much superior to what *Camoens* wrote on the same subject; who by a strange

want of Taste for poetical propriety, though his Genius was undoubtedly of the first order, compared the appearance of the swoln enormous volume of the Water-Spout, to a Leech on the Lips of a Cow! I congratulate the Public that some of the smaller, yet truly exquisite Poems of this original, and great Writer, have been so faithfully and so elegantly rendered into English by Lord Strangford. It is to be wished that *Camoens'* Master-Poem, the *Lusiadas*, might be undertaken by one so capable of expressing its beauties in English. W. L. B.

PAGE 53. l. 13, 14.

In spiral motion first, as Seamen deem,
Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps the stream.

Notwithstanding the different accounts that have been published respecting this extraordinary Meteor, some philosophers still entertain a doubt, whether the water in the first instance ascends, or descends. *Falconer*, like all the Seamen I have ever met with, favours the first idea. The same opinion was also supported by *Dr. Forster* in his Voyage round the World. (Vol. I. p. 191.) "The Water," he says, "in a space of fifty, or sixty fathoms, moved towards the centre; and there *rising into Vapour*, by the force of the whirling motion ascended in a spiral form toward the clouds." According to the opinion of *Signor Beccaria*, Water Spouts have an electrical origin; and, as a remarkable proof of this, they have been dispersed by presenting to them sharp-pointed knives, or swords.—Their form is that of a speaking-trumpet, with the wider end in the clouds;

and their first appearance is in the semblance of a deep Cloud, the upper part of which is white, and the lower black: they are generally seen in calm weather. The subject of Water Spouts, and the ascent or descent of the water in the first instance, is discussed by *Mr. Oliver*, and *Dr. Perkins*, in the second volume of the American Philosophical Transactions: Dr. Perkins supports the latter idea, and dwells on *Mr. Stuart's* account of Water Spouts, which also tends to support the Theory of descent: *Mr. Stuart's* Figures were drawn with the appearance of a bush round their base. *Dr. Lindsay* also, in several Letters which he published in the Gentleman's Magazine, (Vols. LI. LIII. LV.) endeavours to establish the same theory. Some valuable remarks on this subject have appeared from Professor *Wilcke* of Upsal.

PAGE 55. l. 11. *What radiant changes strike th' astonished sight!*

Falconer feels all the enthusiasm of the ancient Poets in his description of their sacred Fish, whom *Ovid* made the preserver of his ARION. (*Fasti*, lib. 11. 113.)—Our Naturalists now divide this Genus into three species: the *Dolphin*, the *Porpoise*, and the *Grampus*. The beauty of the dying Dolphin even surpasses Falconer's account of it. In the above line there is a striking similarity to an expression in a late Cambridge Tripos on *Fishing*, by a gentleman of Trinity College: speaking of the Trout, when taken out of the water, he adds—" *et leti variabilis umbra.*"—The appearance of the Dolphin in this part of the Poem has additional beauty, as the sure sign of an approaching Gale.

PAGE 56. l. 15, 16.

Across her stem the parting Waters run,
As Clouds, by Tempests wafted, pass the Sun.

There is peculiar beauty in these lines, which perhaps none but a Seaman will feel the full force of; and it is for want of this, that hardly any Painter, who has not been himself at Sea, can make his Ships look alive, as sailors term it, upon the waves. The outspreading of the salt foam of these parting Waters, gives great variety and life to Marine Scenery, and adds much to the correctness of any design. A Ship not only throws up the salt foam with her keel ahead, but flings it out boldly at her sides, and leaves the striated Sea covered with it to a considerable distance.—And now I am upon this subject let me observe, that nothing can look more forced, or unnatural in a marine Drawing, than the introduction of floating Barrels, or a Log of Wood, on which artists are often accustomed to write their names; but the various kinds of Gull, Mother Carey's Chicken, and other aquatic birds, may be introduced with considerable effect.

PAGE ibid. l. 19. *And, while aloof from* RETIMO *she steers—*

An account of this City, with a beautiful view of it, is given by *Tournefort* in his Voyage to the Levant—(Vol. I. p. 28.) It is the third place in the Island, and is governed by a Bashaw under the Viceroy of *Canea*. RETIMO extends along the Haven, the shore of which is covered with gardens: The Citadel, that was built for its security, stands on a sharp

rock stretching into the Sea. Ships of war were at one time laid up in ordinary below the Citadel, but at present there is scarcely depth enough for small craft. RETIMO is the *Rhithymna of Ptolemy.—Malacha's Foreland, Cabo Maleca,* or *Cape Melier,* lies twelve miles N. E. of Canea; the Town and Island of *La Suda* are situated beneath this Cape.

PAGE 57. l. 11. *But see! in confluence borne before the Blast.*

I do think that neither *Virgil,* nor any Poet, ancient or modern, has ever introduced the description of a Storm, or described it so clearly, faithfully, and poetically, as *Falconer* has done in the following lines. W. L. B.

The gradual rising of a Gale of Wind, (the term by which Seamen denote a Storm, which is entirely banished from our Naval Vocabulary,) has much of the sublime. The preceding Calm, which *Falconer* has accurately noticed, is treacherous and alarming: a watery Sun-set often proclaims what may be expected; and from that moment the violence of the Gale gradually steals upon the Mariner: until at length—*It comes resistless!*—If not attended with rain, a heavy Sea is soon formed; like an immense ridge, it slowly moves along in dreadful grandeur; and, rising as it were from the abyss, threatens instant destruction, as the magnitude of the immense billows is increased by their approach to the Ship: when suddenly the nearest sinks beneath her keel—whilst the Ship falling into a trough of the Sea seems almost thrown on her beam ends: as the Ship rights, the billow rushes from under her with incredible force and

rapidity, and with its curling and extended ridge covers the adjacent ocean with foam.

In the second edition, these lines were differently expressed: I did not know to which a preference could be given, and therefore followed the third edition—

> "But see! in confluence borne before the Blast,
> A rolling Dusk of clouds the Moon o'ercast
> In dreadful length diffused; the Winds arise,
> And swift the Scud in dark succession flies."

The Scud is a name given by Seamen to the lowest and lightest Clouds, which are swiftly driven along the atmosphere by the winds.

PAGE 57. l. 16. *Low in the wave the leeward cannon lie.*

When the Wind crosses a Ship's Course either directly, or obliquely, that side of the Ship, upon which it acts, is termed the *weather* side; and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is termed the *lee* side; all on one side of her is accordingly called to windward, and all on the opposite side to leeward: hence also are derived the *lee* cannon, the *lee* braces, *weather* braces, &c. The same term is used by Milton,

> "The Pilot of some small night-founded Skiff,
> With fixed Anchor,
> Moors by his side under the Lee." FALCONER.

PAGE 57. l. 18, 20. TOPSAILS, REEF, BLOCKS.

It may be necessary to some of my readers to inform them, that TOPSAILS are large square Sails, of the second magnitude, and height; as the *Courses* are of the first mag-

nitude, and the lowest.—REEFS are certain divisions of the Sail, which are taken in, or let out, in proportion to the increase or diminution of the Wind. BLOCKS are what landsmen would rather term from the French word, (*Poulie*) PULLIES.

PAGE 58. l. 1. *More distant grew receding* CANDIA'S *Shore.*

FALCONER with great judgment still keeps his eye on the Landscape of the surrounding Scenery; varying by this means the uniformity of the description, and giving it a more picturesque cast, and natural effect. W. L. B.

PAGE ibid. l. 11, 12, 15.

HALYARDS, BOW-LINES, CLUE-LINES, REEF TACKLES, EARINGS.

HALYARDS are those ropes by which Sails are hoisted, or lowered; BOW-LINES are ropes fastened to the outer edge of square Sails in three different places, that the windward edge of the Sail may be bound tight forward on a side wind, in order to keep the Sail from shivering. CLUE-LINES are fastened to the lower corners of the square Sails, for the more easy furling of them. REEF-TACKLES are ropes fastened to the edge of the Sail, just beneath the lowest Reef; and being brought down to the deck by means of two blocks, are used to facilitate the operation of reefing. EARINGS are small ropes employed to fasten the upper corners of the principal Sails, and the extremities of the Reefs, to the respective Yard-arms, particularly when any Sail is to be close furled. FALCONER.

POPE in one of his Letters speaks very contemptuously of what he styles the *Tarpaulin Phrase:* how wonderful that this phrase, in the hands of such a master as FALCONER, should have been made subservient to such an almost magical effect. W. L. B.

PAGE 58. l. 13. *The shivering Sails descend.*

A most striking and happy expression.

PAGE 59. l. 4. *Brail up the Mizen quick!*

The MIZEN is a large Sail bent to the Mizen Mast, and is commonly reckoned one of the Courses, which consist of the *Main-sail, Fore-sail,* and *Mizen.* As the word, *Brails,* is a general name given to all the Ropes which are employed to haul up the bottoms, lower corners, and skirts of the great Sails; so the drawing them together, for the more ready operation of furling, is called brailing them up. The effect which the operation of brailing up the Mizen produces, is noticed in the last Note of this Canto.

PAGE 59. l. 5. *Man the clue-garnets! let the Main-sheet fly!*

CLUE-GARNETS are the same to the Main-sail and Fore-sail, which the Clue-lines are to all other square Sails, and are hauled up when the Sail is to be furled, or *brailed.* SHEETS: it is necessary in this place to remark, that the Sheets, which are universally mistaken by our English Poets for the Sails, are in reality the Ropes that are used to extend the Clues, or lower corners of the Sails, to which they are attached. FALCONER.

PAGE 59. l. 6. *It rends in thousand shivering shreds on high!*

As the Gale rises, *Falconer's* Description keeps pace in grandeur. The circumstances are so rapidly, and yet so distinctly brought before us, that it is impossible not to see, to hear, to partake the anxiety; and to become, if I may thus express myself, one of the unfortunate Crew. W. L. B.

PAGE ibid. l. 11. *Bear up the Helm a-weather!*

The reason for putting the Helm a-weather, or to the side next the wind, is to make the Ship veer before it when it blows so hard that she cannot bear her side to it any longer. VEERING, or Wearing, is the operation by which a Ship, in changing her Course from one *board* to the other, turns her stern to windward: the French term is, *virer vent arriere*. FALCONER.

PAGE ibid. l. 16. *Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping Gale.*

A new and happy image, to convey an idea of the full expanded Sail. W. L. B.

The playful *Titania* of our immortal Bard, describes the same effect, though not with equal force:

> "When we have laughed to see the Sails conceive,
> And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind."
> (*Midsummer Night's Dream,* Act II.)

One of the finest Pictures ever painted by my kind friend ROMNEY, was taken from this passage.

PAGE 59. l. 18. TIMONEER—

The *Helmsman*, from the French *Timonnier*: it is, however, to be lamented that our Poet had not selected some more familiar term from his own language.

PAGE 60. l. 5. *The Helm to starboard moves*—

In the third Edition these lines have been altered so as entirely to destroy their beauty:

> "The Helm to starboard turns; with wings inclin'd
> The sidelong Canvass clasps the faithless Wind."

This could not have been done by *Falconer*, but by some injudicious Friend who was not a Seaman, and thought by this means to improve the elegance of the Poem. I have often thought that *Mallet*, who employed our Author to write for the Critical Review, introduced this and other similar alterations in the Shipwreck.

PAGE ibid. l. 8. *While the fore Stay-sail balances before.*

Called with more propriety the *fore top-mast Stay-sail*: it is of a triangular shape, and runs upon the fore top-mast Stay, over the Bowsprit: it consequently has an influence on the fore-part of the Ship, as the Mizen has on the hinder part; and, when thus used together, they may be said to balance each other. See also the last Note of this Canto. FALCONER.

PAGE 60. l. 10. ....*th' extended Tack confin'd.*

The Main-Sail and Fore-Sail of a Ship are furnished with a TACK on each side, which is formed of a thick rope tapering to the end, having a knot wrought upon the largest extremity, by which it is firmly retained in the Clue of the Sail: by this means the Tack is always fastened to windward, at the same time that the Sheet extends the Sail to leeward. FALCONER.

PAGE ibid. l. 13. ....*the Bunt-lines gone!*

BUNT-LINES are ropes fastened to the bottoms of the square Sails to draw them up to the yards, when the Sails are brailed, or furled. FALCONER.

PAGE ibid. l. 15. *Th' extending Sheets on either side are mann'd.*

In the third Edition, the incautious pen of some fresh-water Sailor is again visible; which the reader will perceive by comparing the lines, as they stand in the present Edition, with the following:

"On either side below the Sheets are mann'd,
Again the fluttering Sails their skirts expand:
Once more the Topsails, tho' with humbler plume,
Mounting aloft, their ancient post resume;
Again the bowlines, and the yards are braced,
And all th' entangled cords in order placed."

The word CORD is not known on board a Ship, and therefore could not have been used by *Falconer*.—A Yard is said to

be braced, when it is turned about the Mast horizontally, either to the right, or left: the ropes employed in this service are called the larboard and starboard Braces.

PAGE 61. l. 1—4. BRAILS, HEAD-ROPES, ROBANDS.

BRAILS: a general name given to all the Ropes which are employed to haul up, or brail the bottoms, and lower corners of the great Sails. A Rope is always attached to the edges of the Sails, to strengthen, and prevent them from rending: those parts of it which are on the perpendicular or sloping edges, are called *leech ropes*, that, at the bottom, the *foot rope*, and that on the top, or upper edge, the HEAD ROPE. ROBANDS, or *Rope bands*, are small pieces of Rope, of a sufficient length to pass two or three times about the Yards, in order to fix to them the upper edges of the respective great Sails: the Robands for this purpose are passed through the eyelet holes under the Head-rope. FALCONER.

PAGE 61. l. 5—8.

That task performed, they first the Braces slack,
Then to the Chess-Tree drag th' unwilling Tack.
And, while the lee clue-garnet's lowered away,
Taught aft the Sheet they tally, and belay.

The Braces are here slackened, because the lee-brace confining the Yard, the Tack could not come down until the Braces were cast off. The CHESS TREE, called by the French *Taquet d'amure*, consists of a perpendicular piece of wood, fastened with iron bolts, on each side the Ship: in the upper part of the Chess-tree is a large hole through which

the tack is passed; and when the *clue*, or lower corner, of the Sail comes down to it, the Tack is said to *be aboard.*—The two last Lines form an extraordinary instance of that power, which our Author possessed, of introducing the technical terms of Navigation with singular effect into poetry. TAUGHT, the *roide* of the French, and *dicht* of the Dutch Sailors, implies the state of being extended, or stretched out. TALLY, is a word applied to the operation of hauling the sheets aft, or toward the Ship's stern. To BELAY is to fasten.

PAGE 62. l. 6. *But like a ruffian on his Quarry flies.*

Shakspeare uses *ruffian* as a verb:

> " A fuller Blast ne'er shook our battlements:
> If it hath ruffianed so upon the Sea,
> What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
> Can hold the mortice?" OTHELLO.

The same word is afterwards used by our Author as an adjective (page 81). QUARRY is a term taken from Hawking, and signifies Game that is flown at by an Hawk. *Waller* uses it, though not exactly in the same sense with FALCONER:

> " . . . . .They their guns discharge:
> This heard some Ships of ours, though out of view,
> And swift as Eagles to the Quarry flew."

PAGE ibid. l. 14. *The bounding Vessel dances on the Tide.*

The whole of this, and the preceding paragraph, were added in the third Edition; and, with the exception of this line, are worthy of FALCONER: he could never have inserted

the word *dances*. The situation of the Ship is justly likened to that of a War-Horse; who having at first exulted, on "smelling the battle afar off, the noise of the captains, and the shouting," reels amidst the subsequent shock of the combat: had Falconer lived, he would probably have written in a subsequent edition,

> "The bounding Vessel labours on the Tide:"

for otherwise, even supposing the Vessel to dance, the simile would not hold good; as the Horse reeled, in like manner, the Ship *rolled*, or *rocked*, or *laboured*.

PAGE 63. l. 3, 4.

> *They furled the Sails, and pointed to the Wind*
> *The Yards, by rolling Tackles then confin'd.*

Or, as in the second Edition,

> "Around the Sail the Gaskets they conveyed,
> And rolling Tackles to the Cap belayed."

The Rolling Tackle is an assemblage of Blocks or Pullies, through which a Rope is passed, until it becomes four-fold, in order to confine the Yard close down to leeward when the Sail is furled, that the Yard may not gall the mast, from the rolling of the Ship. *Gaskets* are platted Ropes to wrap round the Sails when furled.

PAGE ibid. l. 9—14. TOP-GALLANT-YARDS, TRAVELLERS, BACK-STAYS, TOP-ROPES, PARRELS, LIFTS, TOPPED, BOOMS.

TOP-GALLANT-YARDS, which are the highest ones in a Ship, are sent down at the approach of an heavy Gale, to

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATHI ... TANJORE

ease the mast-heads. TRAVELLERS are iron Rings furnished with a piece of rope, one end of which encircles the Ring to which it is spliced: they are principally intended to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the Top-gallant-Yards; for which purpose two of them are fixed on each Backstay; which are long Ropes that reach on each side the Ship, from the Top-masts (which are the second in point of height) to the Chains. TOP-ROPES are employed to sway up, or lower, the Top-masts, Top-gallant-masts, and their respective Yards. PARRELS are those bands of rope by which the Yards are fastened to the masts, so as to slide up and down when requisite; and of these there are four different sorts. LIFTS are ropes which reach from each mast-head to their respective Yard-arms. A Yard is said to be TOPPED, when one end of the yard is raised higher than the other, in order to lower it on deck by means of the Top-ropes. BOOMS are spare Masts, or Yards, which are placed in store on deck, between the main and fore-mast, immediately to supply the place of any that may be carried away, or injured, by stress of weather. FALCONER.

PAGE 64. l. 10. *And cheerless Night o'er Heaven her reign extends.*

This is a most correct, and awful description of a Sunset, preceding a Storm, or rather an heavy Gale of wind, and was some years since selected by *Mr. Pocock* as the subject of a large oil Painting; in which this Artist, with a bold originality of genius, represented only the Sea and Sky. No Vessel whatever was introduced: the effect was admirable; and may be recommended to the notice of such per-

sons as are fond of Marine Scenery. The Spectator in this beautiful picture is supposed to be standing in a Ship, and the view that lies before him is the expanse of Ocean rolling in all its grandeur, without any object to intercept the sight: whilst the sickening Orb of the setting Sun is enveloped in the crimson scud that tinges the dusk of the Horizon.

I have a melancholy pleasure in retracing Scenes, that remind me of my lost and ever to be lamented friend, Admiral Payne; and, as it serves to illustrate a passage in the Poem, I trust that such remembrance will not be deemed irrelevant by the Reader.

We were cruising off *Ushant*, in the *Impetueux*, during an evening at the close of October, and the dreary Coast so continually present to our view, created a painful uniformity, which could only be relieved by observing the variations of the Expanse that was before us.—The Sun had just given its parting rays, and the last shades of Day lingered on the distant waves; when a Sky most sublime, and threatening, attracted all our attention, and was immediately provided against by the vigilant Officers of the Watch. To the verge of the Horizon, except where the Sun had left some portion of its departing rays, a hard, lowering, blue firmament presented itself: on this floated light yellow Clouds, tinged with various hues of crimson, the never-failing harbingers of a Gale. A strong vivid tint was reflected from them, on the sails and rigging of the Ship, which rendered the Scene more dreadful. The very Calm that prevailed was portentous—the Sea Bird shrieked as it passed! As the Tempest gradually approached, and the Winds issued from the Treasuries

of God, the thick darkness of an autumnal Night closed the whole in horrid uncertainty :

> " It was a dismal and a fearful night ;
> And on my Soul hung the dull weight
> Of some intolerable fate !" COWLEY.

PAGE 64. l. 19. *But here the doubtful Officers dispute—*

This is particularly mentioned, not because there was, or could be, any dispute at such a time between a Master of a Ship, and his chief Mate, as the former can always command the latter ; but to expose the obstinacy of a number of our veteran Officers, who would rather risk any thing than forego their ancient rules, although many of them are in the highest degree equally absurd and dangerous. It is to the wonderful sagacity of these Philosophers, that we owe the Sea Maxims of avoiding to whistle in a Storm, because it will increase the Wind ; of whistling on the Wind in a Calm ; of nailing horse-shoes on the Mast to prevent the power of Witches ; of nailing a fair Wind to the starboard Cat-head, &c. FALCONER.

PAGE 65. l. 15. *The Tack's eased off—*

In these lines I have followed the second Edition ; in the third they are somewhat different :

> " The Master said ; obedient to command
> To raise the Tack the ready Sailors stand :
> Gradual it loosens, while the involving Clue,
> Swelled by the Wind, aloft unruffling flew."

It has been already remarked, that the TACK is always fastened to windward ; consequently, as soon as it is cast

loose, and the Clue-Garnet is hauled up, the weather Clue of the Sail immediately mounts to the Yard; and this operation must be carefully performed in a Storm, to prevent the Sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering. FALCONER.

PAGE 65. l. 17. *The Sheet and weather-brace they now stand by.*

To *stand by* any Rope, is, in the language of Seamen, to take hold of it. Whenever the Sheet is cast off, it is necessary to pull in the Weather-Brace, to prevent the violent shaking of the Sail.

PAGE ibid. l. 20. *Loud rattling, jarring, through the blocks it flies!*

One of the finest, and most descriptive Lines in the whole Poem; the beauty of which was entirely destroyed in the third, and all the subsequent Editions:

> " Thus all prepared, *Let go the Sheet!* he cries;
> Impetuous round the ringing Wheels it flies."

PAGE 66. l. 1. *By spilling Lines embraced—*

The SPILLING LINES, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous Weather, are employed to draw together, and confine the belly of the Sail, when inflated by the Wind over the Yard. FALCONER.

PAGE ibid. l. 6. *Below, the down-haul Tackle others ply.*

The violence of the Gale forcing the Yard much out, it could not easily have been lowered so as to reef the Sail,

without the application of a Tackle, consisting of an assemblage of Pullies, to haul it down on the Mast: this is afterwards converted into Rolling Tackle, which has been already described in a Note, p. 185. FALCONER.

PAGE 66. l. 7, 8.

Jears, Lifts, and Brails, a Seaman each attends,
And down the Mast its mighty Yard descends.

JEARS, or GEERS, answer the same purpose to the Mainsail, Foresail, and Mizen, as *Haliards* do to all inferior Sails. The TYE, a sort of runner, or thick Rope, is the upper part of the JEARS. The size of the Main-Yard, when it is gradually lowered, appears truly tremendous and *mighty*, as our Poet terms it; I could never behold it without astonishment.

The following account of the length of the Yards of our good old Ship IMPETUEUX, will enable a Landsman, after proportionable deduction, to form some idea of the Yards of a Merchantman:

	Feet.	*In.*
Main Yard	98	9
Top-Sail Yard	69	5
Top-Gallant Yard	42	2
Fore Yard	85	9
Fore-Top Sail Yard	67	1
Fore-Top-Gallant Yard	37	2
Mizen-Top-Sail Yard	47	10
Mizen-Top-Gallant Yard	33	0
Cross-Jack Yard	66	0
Sprit-Sail Yard	64	2

PAGE 66. l. 11—22. REEF-LINES, SHROUDS, REEF-BAND, OUTER AND INNER TURNS.

REEF-LINES are only used to reef the Main-Sail and Fore-Sail. SHROUDS, so called from the Saxon *Scrud*, consist of a range of thick Ropes stretching downwards from the Mast Heads, to the right and left sides of a Ship, in order to support the Masts, and enable them to carry Sail; they are also used as Rope Ladders, by which Seamen ascend, or descend, to execute whatever is wanting to be done about the Sails, and Rigging. REEF-BAND consists of a piece of canvass sewed across the Sail, to strengthen it in the place where the eyelet-holes of the Reefs are formed. The OUTER TURNS of the Earing serve to extend the Sail along its Yard; the INNER TURNS are employed to confine its Head-Rope close to its surface. FALCONER.

PAGE 67. l. 11. *A* SEA, *upsurging with stupendous roll.*

A Sea is the general term given by Sailors to an enormous Wave; and hence, when such a Wave bursts over the Deck, the Vessel is said to have *shipped a Sea.* FALCONER.

It is impossible to peruse the dreadful effects of this Event, without acknowledging the wonderful powers of our Poet: I know only of one Writer who has thus forcibly described the awful horrors of a Watery Grave: Mrs. Radcliff's *Address to the Winds,* is worthy of Falconer; and will serve to impart kindred sensations to the reader's mind:

"Viewless, through Heaven's vast vault your course ye steer,
Unknown from whence ye come, or whither go!
Mysterious powers! I hear ye murmur low,
Till swells your loud Gust on my startled ear,
And awful, seems to say—SOME GOD IS NEAR!
I love to list your Midnight Voices float
In the dread Storm that o'er the Ocean rolls;
And while their charm the angry Wave controls,
Mix with its sullen roar, and sink remote:
Then, rising in the pause, a sweeter Note,
The dirge of Spirits, who your deeds bewail,
A sweeter note oft swells while sleeps the Gale—
But soon, ye sightless Powers, your rest is o'er!
Solemn, and slow Ye rise upon the air,
Speak in the Shrouds, and bid the Sea Boy fear;
And the faint warbled Dirge is heard no more.

Oh, then I deprecate your awful reign!
The loud lament yet bear not on your breath;
Bear not the crash of Bark far on the Main,
Bear not the cry of Men who cry in vain,
The Crew's dead chorus sinking into death!
Oh give not these, ye Powers!—I ask alone,
As rapt I climb these dark romantic Steeps,
The elemental War! the billows moan!
I ask the still, sweet Tear that list'ning Fancy weeps."

PAGE 68. l. 19, 20.

Too late to weather now MOREA's *land,*
And drifting fast on ATHENS' *rocky strand.*

To weather a Shore is to pass to windward of it, which at this time was prevented by the violence of the Gale. DRIFT is that motion and direction, by which a Vessel is forced to leeward sideways, when she is unable any longer to carry sail; or, at least, is restrained to such a portion of

sail, as may be necessary to keep her sufficiently inclined to one side, that she may not be dismasted by her violent labouring produced by the turbulence of the Sea. FALCONER.

PAGE 69. l. 4. *And try beneath it sidelong in the Sea.*

To TRY, is to lay the Ship with her side nearly in the direction of the Wind, and Sea, with her head somewhat inclined to windward; the Helm being fastened close to the lee-side, or, in the sea language, *hard a-lee*, to retain her in that position. See a further illustration in the last Note of this Canto. FALCONER.

PAGE ibid. l. 6. TOPPING-LIFT; KNITTLE, THROT.

A Tackle, or assemblage of Pullies, which tops the upper end of the Mizen-Yard. This line, and the six following, describe the operation of reefing and balancing the Mizen. The KNITTLE is a short Line used to reef the Sails by the bottom. The THROT is that part of the Mizen Yard, which is close to the Mast. FALCONER.

PAGE ibid. l. 7. *The Head, with doubling Canvass fenced around.*

This was done to prevent any chafing of the Sail when balanced. The operation of Balancing is now totally disused; great improvements having been since made both in the Theory and Practice of Seamanship. Captain Bentinck of the Royal Navy invented, and used Triangular Courses, which he carried with singular effect in the heaviest Gales; and these Courses were named after him BENTINCKS: since which, Storm Stay-sails have superseded these; and

seem to answer every purpose, either for lying-to, or giving the Ship way through the Water. N. P.

PAGE 71. l. 13, 14.

Across the geometric Plane expands
The Compasses to circumjacent Lands.

Here again, the third Edition has been guilty of an injudicious alteration:

"In vain athwart the *mimic Seas* expands."

It is to be lamented that in our Navy no mathematical Instruments are sent on board by the Admiralty. Even the Master is obliged to purchase them out of his pay; and, as that is but moderate, he naturally procures the cheapest that can be obtained. One Set at least of the very best that the Metropolis can produce, should be sent from The Board to each Ship; having previously been examined by the Royal Astronomer at Greenwich. The institution of an Hydrographer at the Admiralty, in order to furnish our Ships with correct Charts, will, probably, in time lead to the above-mentioned desideratum. It is painful to observe the wretched Instruments that are now in use on board; nor can the exception of a few Ships, whose Captains are Men of independent Fortunes, weaken this assertion.

PAGE 72. l. 13. COMPANION, BINACLE.

The COMPANION is a wooden Porch placed over the ladder, that leads down to the Cabins of the Officers. The BINACLE is a case, which is placed on deck before

the Helm, containing three divisions; the middle one for a Lamp, or Candle, and the two others for Mariners' Compasses. There are always two Binacles on the deck of a Ship of War, one of which is placed before the Master, at his appointed Station. In all the old Sea Books it was called BITTACLE.—FALCONER.

PAGE 72. l. 19. *They sound the Well—*

The WELL is an apartment in a Ship's Hold, serving to enclose the Pumps: it is sounded by dropping down a measured iron rod, which is connected with a long line—The BRAKE is the Pump handle: *Falconer* again alludes to this iron rod, (page 83. l. 11.) " Sounding her depth they eyed the wetted Scale." A most valuable discovery was made some years since by *Mr. Richard Wells*, and communicated to the American Philosophical Society; by means of which Vessels could be pumped at Sea, without the labour of Men. See also Naval Chronicle (Vol. II. p. 237.)

PAGE 75. l. 9. *Meanwhile* ARION *traversing the Waist.*

The WAIST is that part of a Ship which is contained between the Quarter Deck and Fore-Castle; or the middle of that Deck which is immediately below them. When the Waist of a Merchant Ship is only one, or two steps in descent, from the Quarter Deck, and Fore-Castle, she is said to be Galley built; but when it is considerably deeper, as with six or seven steps, she is then called Frigate built. FALCONER.

PAGE 76. l. 8—11.

Cimmerian darkness shades the Deep around,
Save when the Lightnings in terrific blaze
Deluge the cheerless gloom with horrid rays:
Above, all Ether fraught with Scenes of Woe—

I have already in the Life of FALCONER mentioned the uncertainty that prevails, respecting the Author of the favourite Song, *Cease rude Boreas:* in this passage additional testimony seems to arise, that it was composed by FALCONER:

"In our eyes blue Lightnings flash:
One wide Water all around us,
All above us one black Sky!"

PAGE ibid. l. 20. ········*the booming Waters roar.*

Beautifully expressive of their violence: thus *Young*—

"····················booming o'er his head
The Billows closed; he's numbered with the dead!"

In the third Edition, however, this Epithet was expunged:

"···························o'er
The Sea-beat Ship th' involving waters roar."

PAGE 78. l. 1. *Her place discovered by the rules of Art.*

The Lee-way, or Drift, in this passage are synonymous terms.—The true course and distance, resulting from these Traverses, is discovered by collecting the difference of Latitude, and departure of each Course; and reducing the whole

into one departure, and one difference of Latitude, according to the known rules of Trigonometry: this reduction will immediately ascertain the base and perpendicular; or, in other words, will give the difference of latitude and departure, to discover the Course and Distance. FALCONER.

PAGE 78. l. 5. FALCONERA, ST. GEORGE, GARDALOR.

FALCONERA, a small island in the Archipelago, to the N. W. of Milo: there is an open space of Sea to the North and South of it; but in every other direction are Islands at no great distance. *Falconer*, in his Chart, prefixed to the second Edition, marked a line of Rocks throughout the E. and S. E. Coast of this Island. The small and steep Island of St. GEORGE is situated to the S. W. of Cape Colonna, at the entrance of the Gulf of Egina. GARDALOR lies off the Coast of Attica, between Cape Colonna and Porto Leono.

PAGE 79. l. 17, 18.

> *These Seas, where Storms at various seasons blow,*
> *No reigning Winds nor certain omens know.*

It is in consequence of this that the Greeks in all ages have been excellent Boatmen, and bad Seamen. Mr. Mitford informs us, in the first Volume of his History of Greece, that the English are the only Navigators who can keep this Sea in rough Weather, and that they " alone, accustomed in all their surrounding Waters to a bolder Navigation, commonly venture in the Archipelago to work to wind-

ward." Mr. Wood, in his Essay on Homer, adds—"I remember to have heard an English Captain of a Turkey Ship, a Man of knowledge and character, say; that he did not scruple, in tolerable weather, to work within the Arches, as our Seamen call the *Archipelago*, (which is itself a corruption of the modern Greek *Aigiopelago*;) but he made it a rule never to take off his clothes; and, without leaving orders, to be called in the instant of any threatening appearance in the Sky, or any dubious sight of land, never to quit the Deck."

PAGE 81. l. 19, 20.

Yet where with safety can we dare to scud
Before this Tempest, and pursuing Flood?

The movement of SCUDDING, from the Swedish word *Skutta*, is never attempted in a contrary Wind, unless, as in the present instance, the condition of a Ship renders her incapable of sustaining any longer on her side, the mutual efforts of the Winds and Waves. The principal hazards, incident to Scudding, are generally a *pooping* Sea; the difficulty of steering which exposes the Vessel perpetually to the risk of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea room: A Sea striking the Ship violently on the stern may dash it inwards, by which she must inevitably founder; in broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with being immediately overset; and, for want of sea-room, she is endangered with Shipwreck on a lee-shore; a circumstance too dreadful to require explanation. FALCONER.

PAGE 83. l. 15, 16.

And now the senior PILOTS *seemed to wait*
ARION'S *voice, to close the dark debate.*

The word *Pilots* occurs too often, since it is invariably used in a sense foreign to its real meaning—the Master, and Mates of the Vessel. The reader will here remember, under the character of ARION that of Falconer himself is described: in the Speech therefore, that succeeds, we have the real sentiments of our Author at this critical emergency, which, with considerable effect, he has thus reserved to close the debate.

PAGE 84. l. 9. *Thus water-logged—*

A Ship is said to be *water-logged*, when, having received through her leaks a great quantity of water into her Hold, she has become so heavy and inactive on the Sea, as to yield without resistance to the efforts of every wave that rushes over the deck. As in this dangerous situation the centre of gravity is no longer fixed, but fluctuates from place to place, the Stability of the Ship is utterly lost: she is therefore almost totally deprived of the use of her Sails, which operate to overset her, or press the head under water: hence there is no resource for the Crew, except to free her by the Pumps, or to abandon her for the Boats as soon as possible. FALCONER.

PAGE 89. l. 13, 14. HATCHES, LANYARD.

Falconer, to avoid repetition, has in the word *Hatches*, employed a term which he himself in his Dictionary informs

us, Seamen sometimes incorrectly use for *Gratings*; a sort of open cover for the Hatchways, formed by several small laths, or battens, which cross each other at right angles, leaving a square interval between: these Gratings are not only of service to admit the air and light between decks, but also to let off the smoke of the great guns during Action.

LANYARD, or Laniard, is a short piece of line fastened to different things on board a Ship, to preserve them in a particular place; such are the Lanyards of the gun-ports, the Lanyard of the Buoy, the Lanyard of the Cat-hook, &c. but the Lanyards alluded to in the above line, were those, by means of which the Shrouds were kept extended; or, as a Sailor would express himself, *taught*.

PAGE 92. l. 20. *Both Stay-sail Sheets to mid-ships were conveyed.*

The fore Stay-sail being one of the Sails which command the fore-part of the Ship, is for that reason hoisted at this time, to bear her fore-part round before the Wind: for the same reason, after it is split, the foremost Yards are braced aback; that is, so as to form right angles with the direction of the wind. For a further illustration of this, see the subsequent note. FALCONER.

PAGE 93. l. 12. *And hew at once the Mizen-mast away!*

In addition to the nautical notes by Falconer, the following Illustration of the Orders that have been given by ALBERT, was subjoined by our Author to the second Edition.—" When a Ship is forced by the violence of a contrary

Wind to furl all her Sails, if the Storm increase, and the Sea continue to rise, she is often strained to so great a degree, that, to ease her, she must be made to run before their mutual direction; which, however, is rarely done but in cases of the last necessity: now as she has no head-way, the Helm is deprived of its governing power, as the latter effect is only produced in consequence of the former: it therefore necessarily requires an uncommon effort to wheel, or turn her, into any different position. It is an axiom in Natural Philosophy, that 'Every body will persevere in its state of 'rest, or moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be com- 'pelled to change its state by forces impressed; and that the 'change of motion is proportional to the moving force im- 'pressed, and is made according to the right line in which 'that force acts.'

"By this principle it is easy to conceive, how a Ship is compelled to turn into any direction, by the force of the Wind acting upon her Sails in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon; for the Sails may be so set, as to receive the current of air either directly, or more or less obliquely; and the motion communicated to the Ship must of necessity conspire with that of the Wind. As therefore the Ship lies in such a situation as to have the Wind and Sea directly on her side; and these increase to such an height, that she must either founder, or scud before the Storm; the aftmost Sails are first taken in, or so placed that the Wind has very little power on them; and the Head-Sails, or foremost Sails, are spread abroad, so that the whole force of the Wind is exerted on the Ship's fore-part, which must therefore of necessity yield to its impulse. The Prow being thus put in motion,

its motion must conspire with that of the Wind, and will be pushed about so as to run immediately before it: for this reason, when no more Sail can be carried, the foremost Yards are braced aback, that is, in such a position as to receive all the current of air they can contain directly to perform the operation of Head-Sails; and the Mizen-Yard is lowered to produce the same effect as furling, or placing obliquely the aftmost Sails; and this attempt being found insufficient, the Mizen-Mast is cut away, which must have been followed by the Main-Mast, if the expected effect had not taken place."

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

THIRD CANTO.

PAGE 97. l. 1. *When in a barbarous Age, &c.*

These beautiful introductory Reflections on the beneficial influence of Poetry, as promoting the civilization, and consequently the happiness of mankind, form an unanswerable reply to the enthusiastic ravings of *Rousseau,* and his fellow madmen; who have attempted to raise the character of the human savage, above the mind that has been polished with the embellishments of social life.

PAGE 100. l. 17, 18.

While round before th' enlarging Wind it falls,
" *Square fore and aft the Yards,*" *the Master calls.*

The Wind is said to *enlarge,* when it veers from the side towards the Stern. To square the Yards, is, in this place, to haul them directly across the Ship's length. FALCONER.

PAGE 100. l. 21. *So, steady! meet her!*

Steady! is an order to steer the Ship according to the line on which she then advances, without deviating to the right, or left. FALCONER.

PAGE 101. l. 3. *Then back to port, &c.*

The left side of a Ship is called PORT in steering, that the Helmsmen may not mistake larboard for starboard. In all large Ships, the Tiller, (or long bar of Timber, that is fixed horizontally to the upper end of the Rudder,) is guided by a WHEEL, which acts upon it with the powers of a Crane, or Windlass. FALCONER.

PAGE 102. l. 7—14. *As that rebellious Angel, &c.*

This allusion to the flight of Satan from Hell, forms one of the most beautiful Similes in the Poem. It is described by Milton in two separate passages, at the conclusion of his Second Book of Paradise Lost.

PAGE ibid. l. 21, 23. POOP, BOW.

POOP, from the Latin word *Puppis*, is the hindmost, and highest deck of a Ship. The BOW, is the rounding part of a Ship's side forward, beginning at the place where the planks arch inwards, and terminating where they close at the Stem, or Prow. FALCONER.

PAGE 103. l. 15. ......*when past the Beam it flies.*

On the BEAM, implies any distance from the Ship on a line with the Beams, or at right Angles with the Keel:

thus, if the Ship steers northward, any object lying east, or west, is said to be on her starboard, or larboard beam. FALCONER.

PAGE 104. l. 18, 19.

They did: for in this desert, joyless Soil,
No flowers of genial Science deign to smile.

The whole of what follows would have been more clearly expressed, had our Author substituted *our*, for *this:* since the reader is at first troubled to find out, whether the soil of the classic Territory of Greece is not alluded to—

"They did: for in *our* desert, joyless Soil—"

Or in our uneducated miserable profession, no love of Science, or of Literature, ever appears.

In these and the following lines, *Falconer* very unjustly abuses the Taste, and classical acquirements of naval Officers: his own Mind was alone sufficient to contradict such an assertion. No Profession whatever, cherishes with more assiduity the "flowers of genial Science," and the glowing numbers of Poesy, than the British Navy. To the name of *Falconer*, may be added that of *Mickle*, and many others, who were, as Mr. Pye says,

"Nursed on the Waves, and cradled in the Storm."

Nor can I allow, that *Ocean's Genius withers the bloom of every springing flower:* the sublime *Camoens* composed the greater part of his LUSIADAS at Sea, under the immediate influence of this Genius; and, if I were requested to

select a person, whose taste for Poetry, and other classic acquirements, was superior to that of the rest of Mankind, I should be justified in mentioning a name, which will ever be engraven on my heart—the late Admiral J. W. PAYNE.

PAGE 105. l. 21, 22.

Immortal ATHENS *first, in ruin spread,*
Contiguous lies at Port LIONO'S *head.*

PORTO LEONE, the ancient PIRÆUM, received its modern title from a large Lion of white Marble, since carried by the Venetians to their Arsenal. The Ports of ancient ATHENS were—1. *Phalerim;* 2. *Munichia;* and 3. *Pyræus,* the most capacious.

A particular account of modern ATHENS, or, as it is now called, *Athini,* is given by *Dr. Chandler:* it was also visited by Lord Sandwich in his Voyage round the Mediterranean. Its Antiquities have been amply described by *Le Roy,* and *Stuart.* I have already mentioned the dangerous Navigation of the *Archipelago,* and it is considerably increased as you advance towards *Porto Leone;* particularly if the Ship is of any great burden. At the close of the year 1802, the *Braakel* of 54 guns, commanded by my brother *Capt. George Clarke,* was sent on this hazardous service; which he accomplished at the most imminent risk—the following extract from his Letter will illustrate the danger which *Falconer* so well describes: " From the ignorance of the Pilot, the *Braakel,* when in stays, struck at Midnight on a point of land, that forms the entrance of the harbour of *Porto Leone,* eight miles from the town of ATHENS. I contrived to land

a quantity of Provisions on the Rocks, and was obliged to order half the guns to be hove overboard; at the same time a Sheet Anchor, and Cable, were got out astern to heave the Ship off, which we in vain attempted for many hours: at length, to our great joy, being assisted by the Wind coming strong right off the Land, we swung round off, and rode stern to wind by the above-mentioned Anchor. In about an hour the Weather changed; the Wind shifted, and placed the Ship with a strong Gale, and heavy Sea, close to the Shore. The Cable was instantly cut, and we made sail to get round the northern extremity of the point; when the Pilot, again mistaking the Land, we anchored in a wrong position, yet clear of the Rocks; until the wind shifting, placed the Ship in the middle of a second dark stormy Night. We came slap on shore, along-side the Rocks: fortunately the Ship lay tolerably easy, being assisted by the Anchor; which, owing to the Wind shifting, brought it well out on the starboard Bow. Day-break at length appeared, and the Gale shifted again: hove on the Anchor, and succeeded in getting her off after a few hard knocks, the loss of a little Copper, and part of the false Keel. Made sail again, weathered our danger, and anchored for want of Wind; when, a breeze springing up, we got safe into *Porto Leone*. In performing this we lost the Sheet Anchor, the Stream, and the Kedge. On leaving this Harbour we were driven back three times; when I bore up for Port Oliver, in the Island of METELIN, where there is an Harbour beyond description safe, and spacious. I do not think this is generally known; or what is more, that the Turks build Frigates there; one of 32 guns was at this time on the stocks." G. C.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASV

PAGE 108. l. 20. *That pipes among The Shades of Endermay.*

A Song entitled *The Birks of Endermay*, was written by Mallet, and is mentioned by Dr. Currie in his Life of Burns. (Page 278.)

PAGE 110. l. 20. *No human Footstep marks the trackless sand.*

And thus PETRARCH,

Dove vestigio uman l'arena stampi. F. D.

PAGE 111. l. 22. *The seat of Sacred Troy is found no more.*

Amidst the disputes that have harassed the learned World on this subject, I am glad to subjoin the opinion of my Brother, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, who has so lately visited TROY; and, after a minute examination of every particular on the spot, has been convinced that such a City did exist, as was described by Homer.—" Travellers visiting the Plain of TROY in search of Columns, or Statues, by which the scite of ancient ILIUM may be determined, are not less idly occupied, than those persons who have pretended to discover such remains: the latter class have fallen into the error of the Painter, employed by *Comte de Caylus*, (See Winkelman, liv. iv. ch. 8. Note,) to illustrate the Picture by *Polygnotus* at *Delphi*, according to Pausanius; who ornamented the City of Troy with Columns, and Statues of Marble—Monuments of the Arts, that were unknown at the time

of the Trojan War. All that we can expect to discover, in order to identify the Scene of that War, are the features of Nature, as described by Homer; and these are found, precisely answering his description." E. D. C.—*Dr. Chandler* has lately considered this subject in his *History of Troy*.

PAGE 112. l. 9, 10.

Whose gleam directed loved LEANDER *o'er*
The rolling Hellespont——

A few years since, a servant of the Neapolitan Consul at the Dardanelles, swam across the Hellespont; and, after a short walk on the Asiatic Coast, returned back in safety, notwithstanding the extreme rapidity of the Current. E. D. C.

PAGE ibid. l. 22. *Remote from Ocean lies the* DELPHIC *Plain.*

Falconer very properly writes *Delphic*. *Swift* made a point of writing *Delphos*, instead of *Delphi*; and until I had perused *Bentley's Dissertation on Phalaris*, I thought it should be thus written. *Jortin*, on this account, says of Swift, that "he should have received instruction from whatever quarter it came; from *Wotton*, from *Bentley*, or from *Beelzebub*."—It was my Relation *Dr. Wotton*, who first noticed the absurd use of Delphos, for Delphi; see the above Dissertation, (Preface, page 46,) where Bentley defends Dr. Wotton's opinion.

Few Travellers have visited DELPHI, although it is perhaps the most interesting, even in its present state, of all

that were Grecian Cities. Some remains of its celebrated Temples may still be seen, astonishing by their prodigious size and workmanship. But the beauty of the Castalian Spring, adorned with wild and hanging foliage, surrounded by the precipices, and rocks of Parnassus, is unequalled. E. D. C.

PAGE 116. l. 10. *Th' impelling Floods, that lash her to the Shore.*

Falconer was too fond of Similes, particularly in the third Edition, where the following was introduced after the above line:

" As some benighted Traveller, through the Shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd;
While prowling Savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits, and quagmires lurk before—"

And after the ninth and tenth Lines in the same Page,

" As some fell Conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the Nations ruin and distress."

Both these Similes come too quick after that of the retreating army. In this, and other similar instances, I have preferred the second Edition.

PAGE 117. After the fourth Line, the second Edition reads,

" Such flaming horror, AMOS'* Son foretold,
Down-rushing on th' Assyrian King of old."

* Isaiah, chap. xxx.

And in the same Page, subsequent to the fourth Line, in the same Edition,

> " Aghast on deck the shivering Wretches stood,
> While Fear, and chill Despair congealed their blood :
> And lo ! all terrible, THE KING OF KINGS
> Thro' the sad Sky, arrayed in lightning, springs :
> Tremendous panoply ! his right arm bare
> Red burning, shoots destruction through the air !
> Hark ! his strong voice," &c.

After the two lines that follow, are also inserted,

> " Wide bursts in dazzling sheets the sulphured Flame,
> And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame :
> Not fiercer tremors shook the World beneath,
> When, writhing in the pangs of cruel Death,
> The sacred LORD OF LIFE resigned his breath."

PAGE 118. l. 10. *Forth issues o'er the Wave the weeping Morn.*

It is to be lamented that FALCONER did not here describe that beautiful phenomenon called the MARINE RAINBOW, which is sometimes observed in a Sea much agitated. Twenty or thirty may be seen together, and in a position opposite to that of the common Bow. The *Weeping Morn* has been selected by Mr. Pocock as the subject of a large Marine Picture, which he executed with his usual Genius.

PAGE 120. l. 2. ......*still they dread her broaching-to.*

The great difficulty of steering the Ship at this time before the Wind, is occasioned by its striking her on the quarter, when she makes the least angle on either side; which often forces her Stern round, and brings her broadside to the Wind and Sea : this is an effect of the same cause

which is explained in the last note of the second Canto. FALCONER.

PAGE 120. l. 9, 10.

Not half so dreadful to ÆNEAS' eyes
The Straits of SICILY *were seen to rise.*

Alluding to the following beautiful passage in Virgil, (ÆNEID, lib. iii. ver. 554.)

"*Tum procul e fluctu* TRINACRIA *cernitur Ætna,*
Et gemitum ingentem pelagi, pulsataque saxa
Audimus longe, fractasque ad litora voces;
Exsultantque vada, atque æstu miscentur arenæ.
Et pater ANCHISES: *Nimirum hæc illa Charybdis;*
Hos Helenus scopulos, hæc saxa horrenda, canebat.
Eripite, o socii! pariterque insurgite remis.
Haud minus ac jussi faciunt: primusque rudentem
Contorsit lævas proram PALINURUS *ad undas;*
Lævam cuncta cohors remis ventisque petivit.
Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite, et idem
Subductâ ad Manis imos desidimus undâ.
Ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere;
Ter spumam elisam, et rorantia vidimus astra."

After this allusion, the second Edition inserts the following lines:

"So they attempt St. GEORGE'S Shoals to clear,
Which close beneath the larboard Beam appear."

PAGE 123. l. 7, 8.

The Vessel, while the dread Event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the Waves to fly.

An Idea equally correct and beautiful, and well understood by all who have been engaged with a Lee Shore.

Having occasion to wear, the mind anxious, and care-worn, becomes impatient to try the other tack; and therefore fancies that the Vessel flies towards danger, with unwonted celerity. N. P.

PAGE 124. l. 7, 8. ....*the faithful Stay*
Drags the Main top-mast by the Cap away.

The Main top-mast Stay comes to the fore-mast head, and consequently depends upon the fore-mast as its support. The CAP is a strong, thick block of wood, used to confine the upper and lower Masts together, as the one is raised at the head of the other. The principal Caps of a Ship are those of the lower Masts. FALCONER.

PAGE 126. l. 12. *For every Wave now smites the quivering Yard.*

The Sea at this time ran so high, that it was impossible to descend from the Mast-head without being washed overboard. FALCONER.

PAGE 133. l. 21, &c.

Down from his neck, with blazing gems arrayed,
Thy image, lovely ANNA! *hung pourtrayed;*
Th' unconscious figure, smiling all serene.

This image of the calm, unconscious portrait, is a most poetical, new, and striking combination. W. L. B.

PAGE 137. l. 13. *Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe.*

After this line, the second Edition reads,

> " Thou, who hast taught the tragic harp to mourn
> In early youth o'er Frederic's royal urn."

PAGE ibid. l. 22. *All thoughts of Happiness on Earth are vain!*

> " *..................sed scilicet ultima semper*
> *Expectanda dies homini; dicique beatus*
> *Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.*"
>
> FALCONER.

Farewell, poor FALCONER! *when the dark Sea*
Bursts like despair, I shall remember thee;
Nor ever from the sounding Beach depart
Without thy music stealing on my heart,
And thinking still I hear dread Ocean say,
THOU HAST DECLARED MY MIGHT, BE
THOU MY PREY!

W. L. B.

FINIS.

J. MOYES, PRINTER,
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